

A FOURTH GRADE HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHICAL READER

FOR THE
NEW YORK CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS



S. W. PATTERSON



Class F128

Book .3 P31

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A FOURTH GRADE HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHICAL READER

FOR THE
NEW YORK CITY PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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PREFACE

WHILE this book is intended for use in the fourth year of elementary schools, it will be found serviceable in evening classes and should be of value in public libraries as well. The book seeks to give information stimulating unobtrusively the reader's civic consciousness, and presented in such fashion as will lead to easy comprehension when read silently. Though each story is independent and complete in itself, all of the stories have a thread of binding relationship. They may be read, therefore, in any order or in the sequence of the book. Facts and opinions have been examined and formed by as painstaking research as they would have been, had the book been intended for an adult public of advanced attainments in the subjects treated. Personal visits have been made to all places of historic, literary, geographic, and scientific note.

The author has written his book from a pedagogical as well as from an informational point of view. He holds, with the new English syllabus for New York schools, that the reading lesson is not to be limited to the matter in the grade reader but "should supplement the work of the grade in history, geography, nature, and civics." The book may be

used, therefore, in the teaching not only of English reading but also, in a supplementary way, in that of any of the subjects just named.

The pupil's limitations of vocabulary, of sentence and paragraph sense have been borne in mind while the syllabus requirements have been met. Variety in literary form, including simple drama, appropriate length of each story, proper punctuation, grammatical structure have all been considered with the specific reader in view. The vocabulary has been selected with great care. Thorndike's *The Teacher's Word Book* has been valuable as a check to exclude words of rare or infrequent use. Preference has been accorded words wherein common phonograms appear. Although children in the fourth year have just come from a three years' study of these word elements, no practical teacher will say that further encouragement is unwelcome through ready recognition of old word-friends in new settings. Of course, personal and place names are matters apart and require individual treatment as they arise.

Silent reading is of recognized importance in the English course of study in our schools. Our practice, as usual, however, has not caught up with our theory, and school readers are still very generally better suited to oral work. Furthermore, our supplementary readers reveal a controlling desire to afford information but a not too marked concern for the pupils' state of language preparedness. This book's twofold aim is obvious.

Illustrations have been selected with discrimination. This is an age when visual aids have come into

their own in the teaching process. Their essential place has been borne in mind throughout, not only in connection with the content to be read but also in relation to the need of testing comprehension of silently read matter. The New York Historical Society, through its librarian, has extended courtesies for which publishers and author are grateful.

A special section of *Study Helps for Silent Reading* will be found before the stories. It is hoped that these helps will prove of value, particularly to the inexperienced teacher.

Both content and expression of the stories in this reader have been tested in the classes of the Model School of the New York Training School for Teachers. Typical examples have been pedagogically studied as reading material by students in the author's senior theory classes. The author wishes to express his appreciation of the helpful attitude and friendly interest of colleagues and students alike.

It is a pleasure to record one's thanks for the untiring and invaluable aid that has been rendered by relatives throughout the preparation of this book.

Thanks are also given to the American Museum of Natural History, the New York Public Library, and the Municipal Art Commission, for their cordial co-operation.

STUDY HELPS FOR SILENT READING

THE questions listed after each story are intended to suggest a method of testing silent reading results. Such testing is most important not only in proving that the story has been carefully read but also in helping to fix salient points and in stimulating thought. There are a number of methods besides direct questioning. The following are offered in the hope that they may be suggestive. Where the methods apply may be easily determined by a study of the nature of the story.

1. *Picture-study or map-study.* Illustrations in this book are well adapted to oral discussions.

2. *Dramatization.* The stories in dramatic form in this book are typical of what may be done.

3. *Incomplete sentence game* in which missing elements are supplied by the pupils. Incompleteness may be initial, medial, or final. Sides may be chosen and a time limit set. Speed and comprehension may be improved through such a game.

4. *Story development with outline map.* A map without place names is before the class. As point after point is mentioned, note is made of it by the teacher or the pupils. The map may be printed or drawn on the blackboard or on a large sheet of paper.

5. *Imaginary conversations* between historical characters. These should give the teacher opportunity to note speech faults. Their connection with oral composition is obvious.

6. *Construction of model* of such a boat as the *Half Moon*, or the *Clermont*; of such a house as the Blockhouse; or of such a room as the Dutch kitchen in the Van Cortlandt Mansion. This construction may be a class project.

7. *Drawing* of boats, houses, and rooms as they are mentioned in the text.

8. *Scrap book* to which the children contribute pictures, maps, and illustrations for the stories which they read. Each child may have his own scrap book or the class may make one co-operatively.

9. *Oral and written compositions* based on the text.

10. *Index study*. Proper, personal or place names within a story may be selected. Explanation or description will be found through silent reading. Testing may be oral or written.

SPECIFIC AIMS

Approved by the Board of Superintendents of the New York City Public Schools

THIS is the first book to follow the general principles and specific aims established in 1922 by the Committee appointed to investigate the Histories in use in the Public Schools of New York City. These aims and principles have been approved by the Board of Superintendents of the New York City Public Schools.

The Specific Aims taken from the report of this Committee are as follows:

1. To acquaint the pupils with the basic facts and movements, political, industrial, and social, of American history.
2. To emphasize the principles and motives that were of greatest influence in the formation and development of our government.
3. To establish ideals of patriotic and civic duty.
4. To awaken in the pupil a desire to emulate all praiseworthy endeavor.
5. To emphasize the importance of weighing permissible evidence in forming judgments.
6. To present the ethical and moral principles exemplified in the lives of patriotic leaders.
7. To inspire in the pupil an appreciation of the hardships endured and the sacrifices made in establishing and defending American ideals.
8. To develop in the pupil a love for American institutions and the determination to maintain and defend them.

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NEW YORK THEN AND NOW

AN AIRPLANE VIEW OF NEW YORK

IF we should go up in an airplane and fly over The City of New York, what should we see? Well, we may be sure that we should see one of the most wonderful cities in the world.



© Major Hamilton Maxwell, from *Aeromarine Flying Boat*
"IF WE SHOULD GO UP IN AN AIRPLANE"



NEW YORK—"ONE OF THE MOST



© Fairchild Aerial Camera Corporation

WONDERFUL CITIES IN THE WORLD''

First of all, there is the Hudson River flowing between Manhattan and New Jersey into New York Bay. Manhattan Island looks like a long tongue. To the east of Manhattan is the East River which is not really a river but a narrow waterway connecting the bay with Long Island Sound.

North of Manhattan is the Borough of The Bronx. Between the boroughs are Spuyten Duyvil Creek, the Harlem Ship Canal, and the Harlem River. A number of islands may be noticed near where the East and Harlem Rivers come together.

East of Manhattan Island are the Boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens which are partly separated by Newtown Creek. Just north of the creek lies Welfare Island. This used to be called Blackwell's.

In the Upper Bay and in the Lower Bay are several islands whose names and use we should know. One of these is Ellis Island where immigrants land.



“ELLIS ISLAND WHERE IMMIGRANTS LAND”

Immigrants are people from other countries, who come to America to make their home. Another island is Bedloe's on which the Statue of Liberty stands. South of this is the large island called Staten Island. The Narrows will be seen between Staten Island and Long Island, connecting the two bays.

In each of the boroughs are hills and valleys. Years ago there were many more, but, as the city has grown, the hills have been cut away for houses and streets. There are also large parks in most of the boroughs.

Many miles of water front have helped to make New York one of the busiest cities in America. Ships from all parts of the world enter its bays and rivers. The high land and the deep waters have given the city's six million people both health and pleasure.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What river flows between Manhattan and New Jersey? Into what bay does it flow?
2. Is the East River really a river? What is it? What does it connect?
3. Where is the Harlem River? Where is the Harlem Ship Canal?
4. Where is Welfare Island? What was the former name of this island?
5. Name two important islands in the bay. What is each island used for?
6. What is meant by The Narrows?
7. Is the city flat or hilly?
8. Why is New York one of the busiest cities in the world?

OUR CITY'S LONG STORY

OUR city has a long story to tell, for it is about three hundred years old. It is very large, too, and has always had people from many different nations walking its streets.

At first came men and women from Holland, who settled on Manhattan Island, Staten Island, and Long Island. These people were either traders or farmers. They found that men with reddish skins were already living here. These Indians were unlike the Dutchmen from Holland. They spoke differently, they dressed differently, they lived differently. The Indians hunted wild animals in the woods. They fished in the rivers and in little streams that then flowed where some of our streets are now. Canal Street was one, and East Fifty-first Street was another.

The Dutch bought Manhattan Island at a very low price and remained at peace with the red men for many, many years. Then something happened. The city of New Amsterdam, as the Dutch called New York, was captured by the English. They believed that it should be theirs. A long time before, all the land on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean had been claimed for them by a sailor named John Cabot. The



American Museum of Natural History

RELIEF MAP OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY

English king had sent Cabot over here a few years after Columbus discovered America. Columbus had seen only the islands far from the shore, but Cabot reached the mainland.

In the year 1776 another great change took place. Our country felt that England was not treating her as she should be treated. Washington was made the leader, and, after a long fight, the colonies became free. Once again New York had a new form of government. Since that time the little city of New York has grown larger and larger. Streets have been made longer and more houses have been built.

While many people were settling Manhattan Island, some were living on Long Island across the East River. There were others on Staten Island across the bay. People had also settled along the Harlem River in what we now call The Bronx.

In the year 1898 the present great city was formed. The old city of New York, the city of Brooklyn, and Long Island City became one big city. Many smaller towns and villages also joined to form Greater New York. Five boroughs were then named. They are: Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, The Bronx, and Richmond. Today there are nearly six million people in these five boroughs.

All through the three hundred years of its life, men and women of many races have come to New York to live. Some have given their time and attention to its schools and churches. Others have built its houses and planned its streets and railways. Still others have made its docks for ships of the sea and boats on the rivers. There have been writers of books

and songs. There have also been workers in stores, shops, and factories. Millions of people, men and women, boys and girls, have served our city and helped to make it great.

Let us be proud of New York. It will be a great city as long as we make and keep it great. Be sure that *you* do nothing to injure its good name. Work to keep it the city it should always be!

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. How old is New York?
2. Who were the first white men to come here to live?
3. Whom did they find here? How were these people different from the white men?
4. Who took New Amsterdam from the Dutch? Why?
5. Who was Columbus? What did he discover?
6. When was the present city of Greater New York formed?
Name the cities that became part of the new big city.
7. How many boroughs are there? Name them.
8. How many people are there in Greater New York?
9. How may we keep our city great?

THE VOYAGE OF THE *HALF MOON*

It was Saturday in the month of April more than three hundred years ago. A little sailing vessel lay in the harbor of the city of Amsterdam in Holland. She was awaiting the order to begin a voyage that, it was hoped, would lead through America to the Pacific Ocean.

The bow of the ship was round and painted green. Most of her hull was brown. A red lion with golden



“THE HALF MOON WAS VERY SMALL”

mane appeared as an ornament. On the broad stern was the picture of a half-moon surrounded by a number of yellow stars and white clouds. The *Half Moon* was very small. None would think of crossing the ocean today in so frail a boat. Her length was about the width of one of our New York streets. She was not much wider than the sidewalk of some of our avenues. She had two full decks, and a small one besides. As she lay in the harbor ready to sail, her keel was only seven feet below the surface of the water.

Such was the ship in which Henry Hudson and twenty men set sail on that April day so long ago. We can imagine how they must have worked at the ropes before everything was ready. Finally the order to start was given. The four flags of the *Half Moon* soon fluttered in the ocean breezes.

Five long months passed before the little company reached the river which has since been named the Hudson in honor of their captain. On their way across the Atlantic Ocean the crew had plenty of time to read the brass tablets that were near their sleeping bunks. It has been thought that perhaps the words on the tablets were:

Honor thy father and mother.

Do not fight without a cause.

Good advice makes the wheels run smoothly.

On each of the other voyages that Henry Hudson made, his young son John went with him. Although we are not sure that the boy sailed on the *Half Moon*,

it is quite possible that he did. If so, we may think of him as he stood near his father waiting the word to throw off the ropes and sail away.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Was the *Half Moon* a sail-boat or a steamboat? How large was she?
2. Who was in charge of the *Half Moon*? How many men went with him? What did they hope to find?
3. How long did it take to reach Sandy Hook? Why?
4. Where did the voyage start?
5. Where did it end?

A BOY'S STORY OF HUDSON'S DISCOVERY

NOTE. If young John Hudson had written about the *Half Moon's* voyage of discovery, he would probably have told a story somewhat like this one.

WE had a very rough trip across the great sea. Of course, I had been on the ocean before and didn't mind the storms very much. One day we lost one of the small life-boats. On another day the front sail was torn in two. Then, when we thought all the bad weather was about over, a big wave struck the ship. Everybody was shaken up, but no great damage was done.

On Wednesday, September 2, we entered a large bay. To the west was a sandy point of land. It seemed to have the shape of a hook or perhaps an arm stretching out to help us. It was there that Father thought it best to anchor. I was glad the trip was over and we had arrived at last in a beautiful bay. It was to be our place of rest for a week.

It was well that we had two life-boats for they were in use every day. On Sunday morning one of the crew, an Englishman named John Coleman, with four other men took one of the small boats to see how big the bay was. Poor fellow! That was the

last time we saw him alive. As I looked out from Father's cabin, I could see two strange narrow boats. They had several times as many men in them as were in our small boat. Though they were far off, I knew that they were all fighting.

Finally the two strange boats paddled away. Our men rowed back as quickly as possible. Poor John had been shot by an Indian arrow, and two of the other men were bleeding. I was very sorry, and everybody was sad.

We soon learned much more about the strangers who had killed John Coleman. They had red skins and liked to wear fine furs. About their necks were copper collars. They smoked a weed called tobacco in pipes made of copper. These red men lived under a roof of young trees bent over and covered with bark. At night they slept on a bed of furs or of leaves. It was interesting to watch them eat. Some had corn; others, beans. Sometimes they shot a bird or caught a fish which they cooked for dinner.

On Friday evening Father said he thought he would take up the anchors next morning. He wished to sail further up the bay. On the following day the *Half Moon* left the sandy hook of land, and a light breeze took us into a very narrow waterway. A high hill rose on each side. Then we were in a larger body of water, though a much smaller one than we had been in the week before.

In a few minutes more the big rocks on each side of us seemed to come closer together so that we thought we must be at the mouth of a river. Father hoped it would take us to the western ocean for which



American Museum of Natural History

“THE ROCKS ON OUR LEFT ROSE TALL AND STRAIGHT FROM THE WATER’S
EDGE”

he was looking. As we sailed along, the rocks on our left rose tall and straight from the water’s edge. We had our two guns ready for the red men, should they try to fight us. At night Father with the mate looked over the map on the table in his cabin. I was tired and went to sleep. The oil lamp smoked a good deal. I think the candles were safer.

Early in the morning I was at the cabin window. How beautiful the river seemed! At one point the two sides appeared to come together again as they had done before. It was not easy to know which way we should have to steer. But, when we rounded the bend in the river, the mountains rose high in the air. This was the most wonderful part of the journey.

The next day was Thursday. Mountains were to be seen to the west far away, but they did not reach the river’s edge as the other mountains did. At night we anchored as usual, because it was dangerous to

sail when we could not see where we were going. How still it was! The *Half Moon* hardly moved, the water was so calm. Only once in a while could we feel the little Dutch ship rock gently.

Father went ashore now and then. Most of the red men up the river were friendly. At one place they gave a dinner in honor of Father. They cooked a pigeon or two and then killed a fat dog and skinned him. We knew that they wished to be friends for they broke arrows and sang and danced.

On Saturday, September 19, Father thought we had sailed far enough. Some of the men were sent out to look around. When they came back Father knew that the western ocean must be somewhere else. So we stayed four days and then turned downstream. Before we pulled up the anchor the savages prepared a big dinner for us. It was a good dinner, too, for they had killed a deer and cooked it well. They gave Father a present before we sailed away.

On our return trip we had two fights with the red men. As we passed below the high mountains that came to the water's edge, a canoe left the shore. It came nearer and nearer. When it reached the *Half Moon*, a savage climbed the rudder to Father's cabin window. As he was about to return to his boat, we noticed that he had a few things in his hands. What do you think he had taken? Pillows, two shirts, and two belts. The mate was quick as a dart. He aimed a shot at the red man and hit him, too.

On the second day in October our good ship reached a little creek. It ran inland to our left. Before we knew it, a party of savages came out to us.

They did not seem friendly and were eager to fight. I thought for a while we should all be killed, but we finally drove them away.

I have heard the red men give a name to the east bank of the river south of the creek where the fight took place. The Indian words are very different from ours. It is not easy to spell the name. As nearly as I can remember it, here is what they say: *Manahatin*. I have heard that all of the Indian names mean something. *Manahatin* means *island of hills*. If this is so, it is a very good name. Isn't it?

For two whole days we lay at the mouth of the river, opposite "the island of hills." Father was busy looking over the map most of the time, preparing to return to the Old World. On Sunday morning, October 4, we took up the anchors and quietly sailed away. It was a bright, clear day and we made fair speed. More than a month passed before we saw the shore of England and were safe in port after our long voyage.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What kind of trip did the *Half Moon* have across the Atlantic Ocean? What happened?
2. Where did the ship anchor?
3. Tell what you know about these red men.
4. Why did the Indians call the island Manhattan?

WHEN THE DUTCH RULED NEW AMSTERDAM

THE story of Henry Hudson's voyage was soon known to many people in Europe. Within a few years the Indians were again surprised to see another boat come sailing up the bay. With her big white sails she looked like the *Half Moon*, but there were other men on board. A short time afterward, the red men heard strange sounds. They listened. The sounds were coming from the woods at the southern end of Manhattan Island.

It was the sound of the hammer and the saw that the Indians heard. They did not know what this would mean for them. The new visitors were setting up the first log houses of our city. If you visit the building at 41 Broadway, you will read on a bronze tablet who the workmen were. Captain Adrian Block had recently come over from Holland. One day his ship was burned. He and his men had to stay ashore until another ship was ready. It was at this time, we believe, that the first houses were built near the spot marked by the tablet.

Ten years after Captain Block built a shelter for himself and his men, the Dutch came to Manhattan Island to stay. This was in the year 1623.



Original in possession of the Title Guarantee and Trust Co.

“THE ENTIRE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN PASSED INTO THE HANDS OF THE DUTCH”

There were several early Dutch governors. One was Peter Minuit. He thought that the Indians might not always be so friendly as some of them seemed at first. When he met the red men's chief one day in the year 1626, he told him that the white men would like to buy the land. In a short time this was done. As there was no kind of money that the Indians could use, a large number of trinkets and beads were given them. For not much more than twenty-four dollars' worth of these the entire island passed into the hands of the Dutch.

The Governor also believed that it would be wise to protect the settlers. Although the red men might be peaceable, there were other white men not far away. The English had already settled north and south of

New Amsterdam. A high pile or mound of dirt was therefore dug up to protect the little colony. This was the beginning of Fort Amsterdam.

After a while, it seemed necessary to make Fort Amsterdam much larger and stronger. Another governor named Van Twiller had come to the settlement. It was his wish that the people enclose the most important part of their town. This was soon done.

Within the fort were the Governor's house, a church, and three windmills. There were also houses for about one hundred soldiers who had been sent from Holland. Although all of these buildings are gone, New York still has a church on which we may read the old name, "The church in the fort." Of course, it is not in the fort today. You may see it at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. The old Dutch bell is just inside of the iron railing.

We must not forget to mention the coming of the



From an old Print

“THIS WAS THE BEGINNING OF FORT AMSTERDAM”

first teacher to New Amsterdam. His name was Adam Roelantsen. He was not very well liked. His pupils were boys. Girls did not go to school but were taught at home by their mothers to keep house, to sew, and to cook. There was no schoolhouse at first. The books were poor and not very interesting. Later there were several schools, but they were not free for all people as ours are today. Only wealthy parents could afford to send their children to school in those early times. How different from our day! Education is free to all everywhere in our country. Boys and girls, men and women, may fit themselves to live better and happier lives.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Who came to Manhattan after Henry Hudson?
2. What did they do here? Why?
3. When did the Dutch first come to this country to live?
4. Name an important early governor.
5. Why did the Dutch buy Manhattan? How much did they pay for it?
6. How was Fort Amsterdam built? Why?
7. Who was Van Twiller? What did he do?
8. Did boys or girls go to school in the early Dutch times? What were girls taught? Where?
9. Why is education free to everybody today?

EARLY DAYS OF BOWLING GREEN

IN front of Fort Amsterdam was a large open field which the Dutch called the Plaine. Since this field is still important, we should know something about it. When boys and girls go to the parks today, they must not think that the little Dutch children of three hundred years ago had no place to play. The oldest park in the city was theirs. Which one do you think it was? It was the large open field in front of the fort. We now call it Bowling Green.

A well and a pump were near the gate to the fort. For a long time these were the city's only water-works. Every morning young people used to draw fresh water and carry it to their houses. How different that was from our present great water supply which is brought to our very rooms from the mountains more than a hundred miles away!

Close to the fort hung a bag. This was where the colonists received the few letters that were sent in those early days. Again we must think how different our post office is from theirs and how well we are served.

Almost any afternoon in clear weather we might have seen the people of New Amsterdam enjoying themselves. We must not forget that most of their



Valentine's Manual.

CANAL IN BROAD STREET DURING EARLY DUTCH DAYS

days were spent at work. There was always plenty to do, but the people took time to play, too. Perhaps it is more pleasant to see them at play.

As we looked out of the window of a little frame house, we might have noticed a number of men and women resting after the day's work. Some of the youngest were at play. Everybody seemed neat and clean. The ladies wore long, full skirts and wide, white collars and caps. Some of the gentlemen had high ruff collars and long coats down to their knees. They wore short trousers, white stockings, and buckles on their shoes. A few men had bare heads, but many wore broad-brimmed, brown or black hats. Boys and girls were dressed much the same as their parents. The girls tied their hair neatly back. The long aprons they wore nearly touched their ankles.

A dog or two might be seen running here and there, trying to enjoy the day as much as anybody. A stray pig and possibly a well-kept cow were not far away. There were many mosquitoes, too. They made the Dutch work a little even at their play. A swamp, which was later called Collect Pond, lay only a short distance northeast of the fort. There the mosquitoes were at home though they liked the cool breezes of the Plaine. They were healthy little fellows and just as lively as mosquitoes ought to be and are to this day.

The first of May was a holiday. It was a day of joy and merry-making. Young men and young women might then be seen dancing on the Plaine. Older people as well as the younger folks enjoyed themselves. Peter and Jan were on the field. Cornelius and Adrian and Nicholas were there. Helena and Katrina and Ann were there, too, with Sara, Elizabeth, and Mary. The afternoon, we hope, was fair and cool.

One day we might have seen the people standing aside with nobody daring to go on the Plaine. No one played; no one danced. Soon the gate to the fort opened. Out marched the soldiers. All eyes turned quickly. It was a fine sight. The air was filled with drum-beat and music. The steady foot-fall of the marchers made the people feel proud and safe. A few minutes more and the parade was over. The soldiers went back to their huts, and the men and women to their work.

One more day we must see. It is Sunday. The week's tasks are done. All business is still. The mar-

ket, which we see on the Plaine outside of the fort, is closed. Fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, boys and girls, aunts and uncles, are dressed in their very best clothes. The little town is quiet. Most people seem to be going the same way. Why and where, we wonder? Service will soon begin in "the church in the fort." There we shall hear good Domine Bogardus who has lately come from Holland. The scene is peaceful. Big, white clouds are moving lazily across the sky. Trees and flowers in well-trimmed gardens seem, like their owners, to be dressed in their Sunday clothes.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where did the Dutch children play three hundred years ago?
2. Where did the people get their water from in the early times? Where, today?
3. Where was the post office under the Dutch rule?
4. What did the Dutch ladies wear? What did the gentlemen wear?
5. What did the people do on Sunday?

LATER DAYS IN NEW AMSTERDAM

MORE people came to New Amsterdam. The little town slowly grew farther and farther up the Island beyond the fort and the Plaine. At what is now Number 73 Pearl Street the first city hall was built. The Dutch called it the Stadt Huys. This meant State House. Above the second floor windows of the present building you may read its story in a few words. It was in the Stadt Huys that the city's business was done.

About twenty years after the first settlement, the



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“THE DUTCH CALLED THE FIRST CITY HALL THE STADT HUYS”



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STUYVESANT'S HOUSE WAS CALLED "WHITE HALL"

last Dutch governor arrived on Manhattan Island. His name was Peter Stuyvesant. You may see his name on one of the high schools of our city. It has also been given to one of the city's parks and to one of its streets.

Governor Stuyvesant was a stern man but a good leader for the colony to which he came. He built his house near the water's edge. It was called White Hall. The Governor's house has long since passed away, but you may still see its name on one of our downtown streets. Far to the north of the little town Peter Stuyvesant built another house. This stood near what is now the corner of Second Avenue and Tenth Street.

There had never been much trouble from enemies,

but Governor Stuyvesant felt that there was need of something stronger than the fort. His neighbors in New England were not always friendly with the people in New Netherlands. This name, New Netherlands, belonged to all the Dutch settlements in America. Besides New Amsterdam there was an important settlement called Fort Orange which is now known as Albany.

In the year 1653 Peter Stuyvesant built a wooden fence or wall across the island to protect the settlement. Strong, young trees about six inches thick were cut down to make wooden posts that were placed upright in the ground. Behind this strong wall a high mound of earth was thrown up to keep it straight and stiff. The city now seemed well protected. Of course, ships might still attack it from the south, but no one could easily do so by land from the north.

For nearly fifty years this wall or palisade, as it was called, stood firm. Where most of it used to be, we have today a very famous street. It is known all over the world as Wall Street.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Who was the last Dutch governor? When did he come to New Amsterdam?
2. What did Stuyvesant call his home? Where was it?
3. What was the name of another important Dutch settlement? Where was it?
4. When did Stuyvesant build his famous wall? Why? Where was it? How was it built?
5. What is the name of the street where the wall once stood?

WHEN THE ENGLISH CAME TO NEW YORK

It was eight o'clock on a Saturday morning in early September of the year 1664. More than ten years had passed since Governor Stuyvesant built his famous wall. More than fifty years had come and gone since that September day when Henry Hudson entered the river that now bears his name.

A broad field lay south of the Governor's country house. A long, narrow road stretched away to the little city two or three miles distant. It is there today but is now well paved and much wider. It is called the Bowery, a Dutch word meaning farm.



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STUYVESANT'S COUNTRY HOUSE ON THE BOWERY

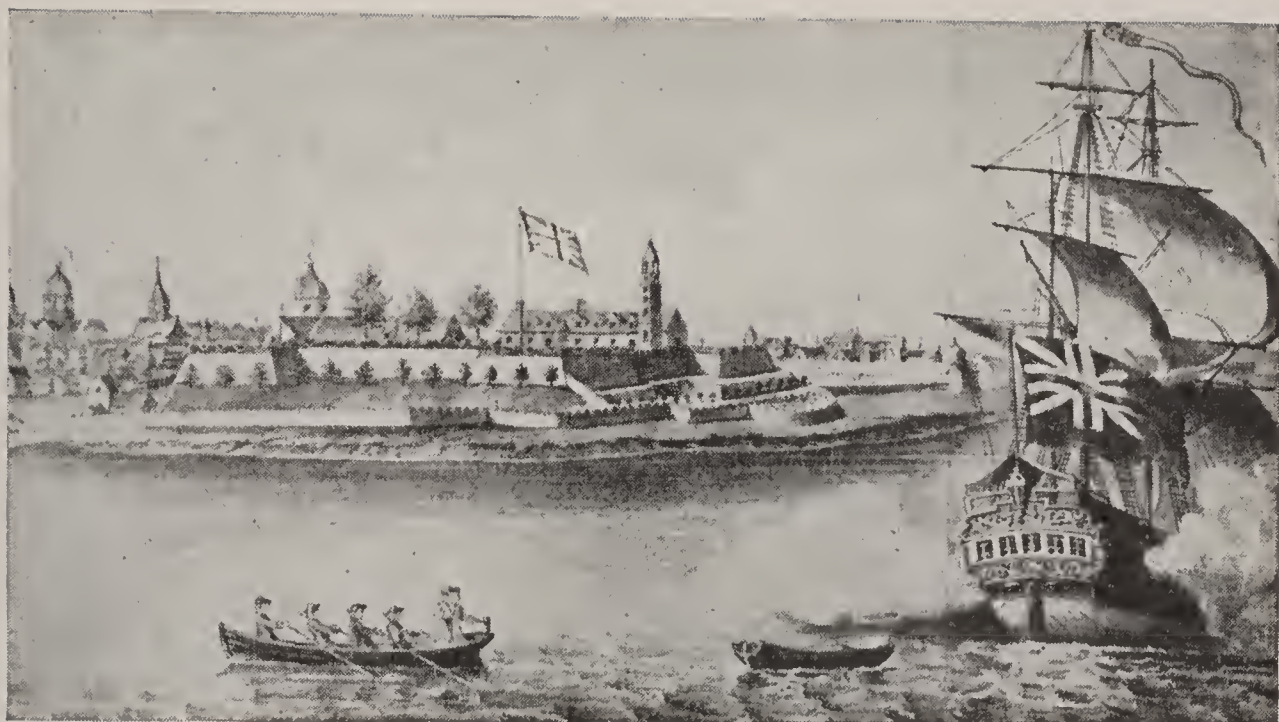
There was a great stir in the country house of Governor Stuyvesant on that Saturday morning so long ago. Beyond the window-pane we might have noticed Peter Stuyvesant himself as he walked up and down. The Governor was in a very bad temper. Something had gone wrong for he seemed very much displeased. A heavy thump was heard on the floor, as that was a favorite way in which the Governor used his wooden leg. Years before he had lost one of his legs in battle. A wooden one took its place.

But why was the Governor angry? We shall soon see. Near him sat another gentleman. He seemed calmer and did not say very much. His name was Colonel Richard Nichols. In the bay was the English ship that had brought him to New Amsterdam.

A new flag flew from the strange masthead of Colonel Nichols's ship. A new flag would soon fly from Fort Amsterdam. The little Dutch trading town on Manhattan Island was about to be taken by the English. New Amsterdam was to become New York in honor of a famous Englishman, James, the Duke of York.

An English governor came to the Stadt Huys. Fort Amsterdam was soon known as Fort James and later by other English names. Once again, within a few years, the Dutch ruled our city, but it was only for a short time. For more than one hundred years the English flag was to fly above the State House, or City Hall, as it was afterwards called.

More people came to the slowly growing city. They were not all English. Almost from the beginning there had been people from France and England



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“A NEW FLAG WOULD SOON FLY FROM FORT AMSTERDAM”

as well as from Holland. Indeed, there were both Dutch and English sailors on the *Half Moon* when she sailed into the Hudson River. Of course, many more came from England after Colonel Nichols took the city from Governor Stuyvesant. Dutch names were often changed to English names.

As the years passed by, new and longer roads were needed. The city, even in Dutch days, had lengthened some of its roads and widened them. It was no longer a little town about a fort. Pearl Street and Water Street and Whitehall Street became important on the East Side. Greenwich Street was the main street along the Hudson. Broadway and the Post Road were growing northward. The Post Road was later called Park Row.

There were a number of narrow paths or lanes between the wider and longer roads. Few of them still have their old names. One of the most interesting

of them has its ancient name in our time. The Dutch seem to have called it Maiden's Path. We call it Maiden Lane. It is not far from Wall Street, and just east of Broadway. Why the street received its name nobody really knows. Some think that the Dutch maidens used it on wash-day, for a pretty brook of clear water ran near it. Others believe that it was just a beautiful path or lane where young people strolled on summer afternoons. It may be that both of these reasons are correct.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

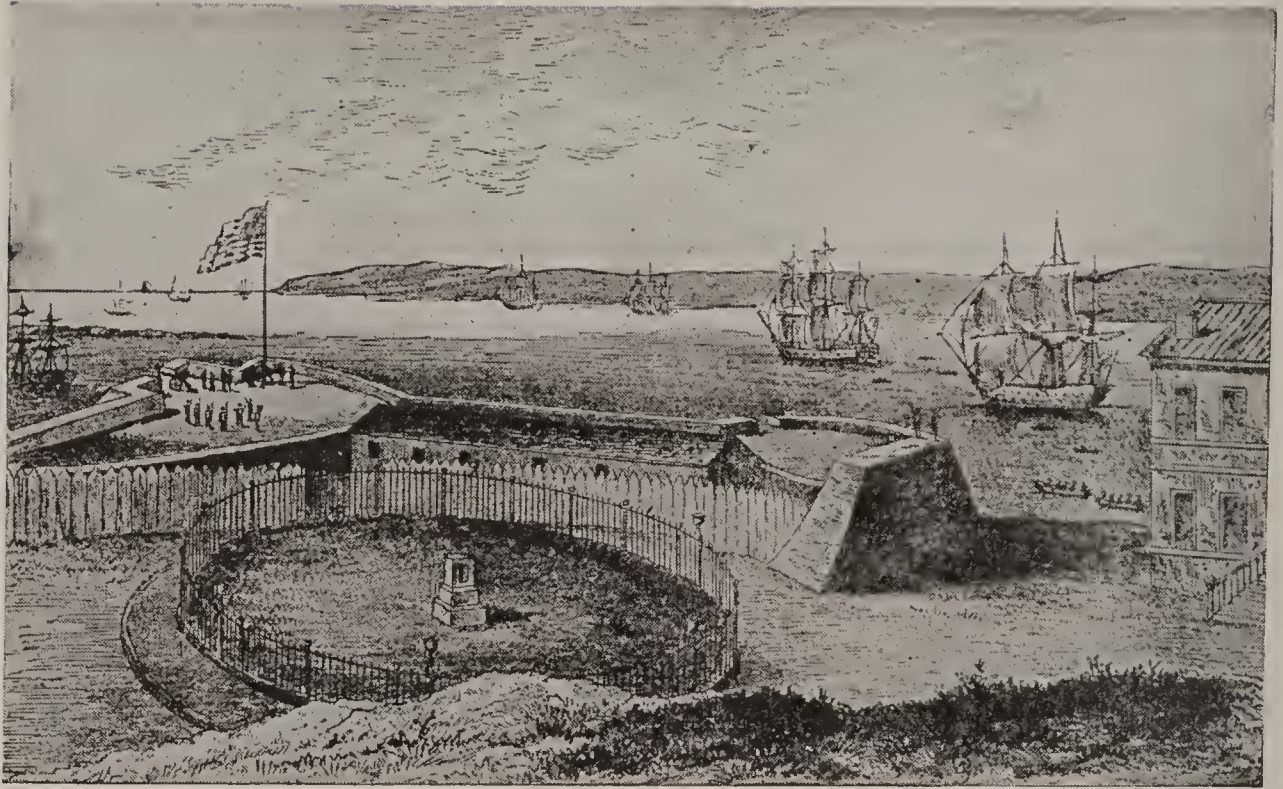
1. What does the word Bowery mean?
2. Tell how you think Governor Stuyvesant looked.
3. Who was Colonel Nichols? Why did he come to New Amsterdam?
4. Why was the name New Amsterdam changed? What was the new name?
5. How did Maiden Lane receive its name?

BOWLING GREEN AND THE BATTERY

I BOWLING GREEN

BOWLING was one of the favorite games of the English in the early days. No better place could be found than the field which the Dutch had called the Plaine. We remember that this was the center of the colony while the men of Holland ruled New Amsterdam. In the year 1732 the name was changed to Bowling Green. Bowls were big balls of wood weighing about three and one-half pounds each. A white china ball much smaller than the bowls was placed on the Green. The winner was the person who could throw the bowls nearest the white ball.

About the year 1770 a railing was placed around Bowling Green. Within this railing a lead statue was erected. A horse and his rider stood on a stone which rested on the Green. The statue was the figure of the English king, George III. Six years later the horse and his rider were both pulled down by the angry people. Lead bullets were more necessary than lead statues of the king. The fight for freedom had begun. Before it was over a new flag, the flag of the United States of America, was flying above the City Hall.



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“THE STATUE OF GEORGE III WAS PULLED DOWN BY THE ANGRY PEOPLE”

The iron fence still stands around Bowling Green. When we pass it, let us think of the boys and girls of other days. They have always played there from the earliest times. Dutch children, English children, and American children have all enjoyed the Green. Perhaps, before any of them saw Manhattan Island, Indian children held their games on the same spot.

If you go down to Bowling Green today, you will see a very different place from the Bowling Green that the early settlers knew. Some of the streets have the old names but with new spelling. The earliest houses are gone. Only a few of the very old ones remain. Many of the streets are where they used to be, but they are wider and better paved. Fort Amsterdam and Fort James have given place to a large and beautiful building. It has a long name but not a very difficult one. It is called the United

States Custom House. Some day you will study more about it.

II THE BATTERY

A FEW years after the English came to New York, their governor thought it best to place big guns south of Bowling Green. This was the first Battery. These guns were really on an island about three hundred feet from the shore. Many years later a building was placed there, which was used as a fort. It had no roof. Its name was Castle Clinton.

When the great Frenchman, Lafayette, came to America in the year 1824, he was received at the Castle. Many other famous men were welcomed there. Later the old fort was changed into an amusement hall. Its name was also changed and became



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“CASTLE GARDEN IS NOW THE AQUARIUM”

Castle Garden. A number of well-known persons have entertained the people there from time to time.

No doubt many of the boys and girls who read this book were not born in America. All who come to this country to make it their home are called immigrants. In the year 1855 and for many years later, Castle Garden was used as a landing place for these people. Today they land at Ellis Island across the bay.

Castle Garden is now the Aquarium where many different kinds of fish may be seen. The Aquarium is one of the most interesting of New York's public buildings. Visitors come from far and near.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. How did Bowling Green get its name?
2. What were bowls?
3. Whose statue was erected in Bowling Green?
4. Why was the statue torn down? What became of it?
5. What building has now taken the place of Fort Amsterdam?
6. How did the Battery get its name?
7. What was Castle Garden? What was it used for?
8. What has become of Castle Garden?

THE RESTING PLACE OF SOME FAMOUS AMERICANS

ONE of the busiest streets in the whole world is Wall Street. It has been well known ever since the days when Peter Stuyvesant built his log wall across Manhattan Island to protect the little Dutch city from its enemies. The most important event in its long history, however, took place on April 30, 1789. On that day George Washington became the first President of the United States. The building in which the exercises were held is not there today, but a bronze statue of the great American marks the site at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets.

Although Wall Street is so busy, there is, just across Broadway, one of the quietest spots in New York. It is Trinity Churchyard. A church has stood here for more than two hundred years. Some of America's most famous men lie buried in the ancient graveyard. Others, too, who deserve to be remembered, are resting in well-kept graves.

Through the iron gateway we notice the tomb of brave Captain Lawrence. In our second war with England James Lawrence was killed during a sea-fight. As he lay dying on the deck of his vessel, he

gave his last order to his men: "Don't give up the ship!" These words have been cut into the stone above his grave.

To the left, a short distance along the winding path, lies Alexander Hamilton, one of Washington's closest friends. He was one of the greatest men in the United States more than a century ago. Far uptown he had a country house which is still standing on Convent Avenue near One Hundred and Forty-first Street.

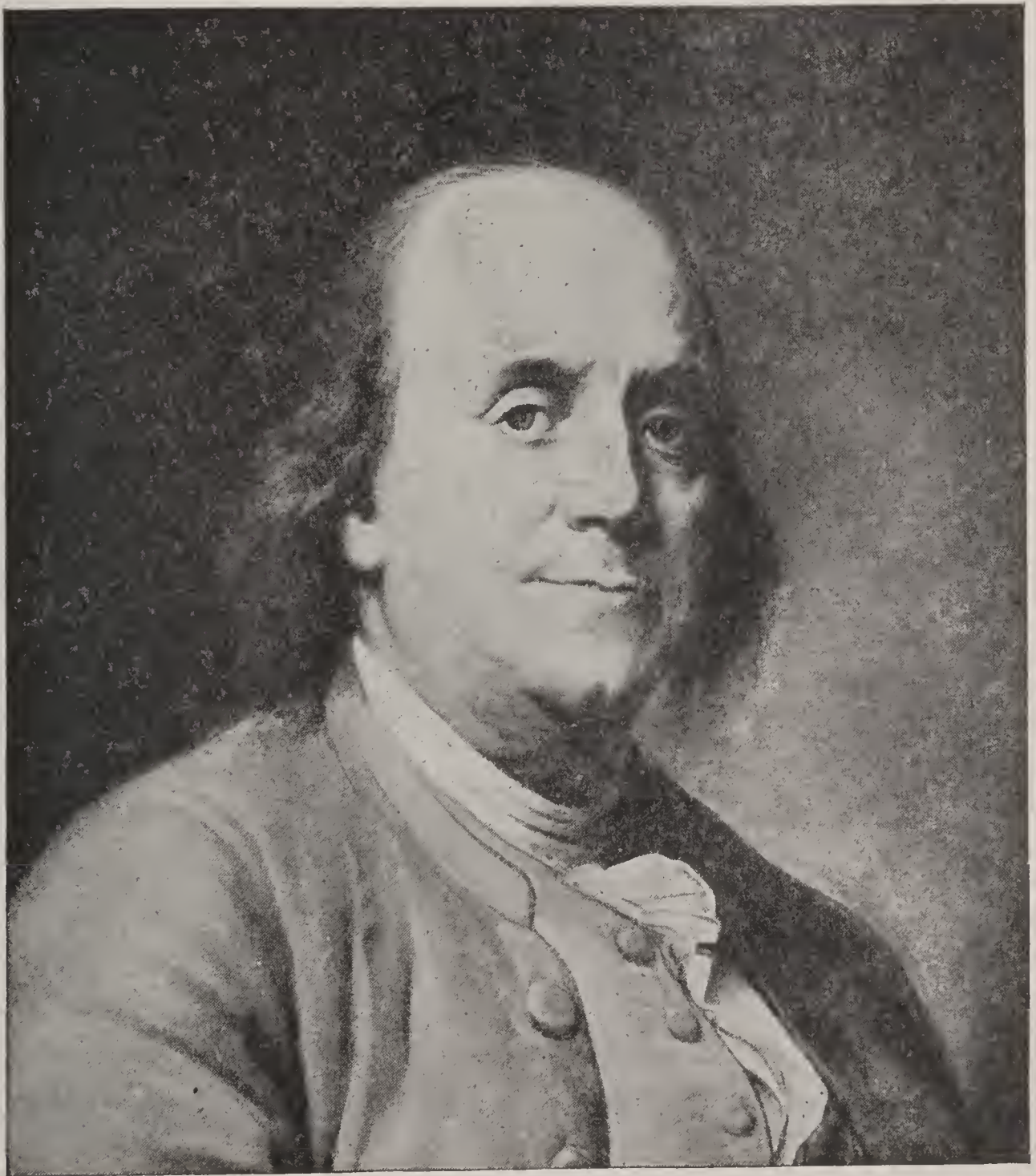
Two other famous persons lie buried here. They are Robert Fulton and William Bradford.

Robert Fulton will always be remembered for it was he who built the first successful steamboat. We shall read of him elsewhere in this book. The inventor's name may be found in many parts of the city where he lived and worked. A market, an East River ferry, a street in Manhattan, and a street in Brooklyn, have been given his name. A Hudson River steamboat is also called *Robert Fulton*.

William Bradford owned the only newspaper in New York many, many years ago. At Number 81 Pearl Street we may see the site of his first printing house. It was to this early printer that Benjamin Franklin came to ask for a position. Young Benjamin had traveled more than two hundred miles from his home in Boston. Although tired he knew that he must get work as soon as he could. William Bradford spoke kindly to the lad and was sorry that he had no place for him. He told him that there might be one in Philadelphia. Benjamin Franklin started at once upon the hundred mile journey. In

that way Philadelphia gained one of its greatest citizens.

Other names of well-known Americans will be found in the old churchyard. Some have been here for more than two hundred years. The largest monument of all, however, is in memory of the hundreds



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

of unknown men who suffered and died in the British prison-ships during the War of Independence.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What happened in Wall Street on April 30, 1789?
2. Where does Captain James Lawrence lie buried? Why do we remember him?
3. Who was Alexander Hamilton?
4. Who else are buried in Trinity Churchyard?
5. Why did Benjamin Franklin go to Philadelphia?

THE STORY OF CITY HALL PARK

THERE was a time when City Hall Park was larger than it is today. The Post Office takes up part of the space which once belonged to the park. Some day this old building will be torn down, and the park will then be as large as it used to be.

Many people believe that the red men had a village where City Hall Park is now. More than likely the Indians did live in that part of Manhattan Island.



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“CITY HALL PARK WAS ONCE LARGER THAN IT IS TODAY”

The Dutch used it as a parade ground. There the soldiers of New Amsterdam marched and drilled. The British kept the green as an open field for the enjoyment of the people. Once every year they came together to honor the king on his birthday.

As young Americans, boys and girls will be most interested in this old park as it was in the year 1776. In that year it was very much like a large fort. As in the days of the Dutch, soldiers drilled on the green. England and America had been quarreling and would soon be fighting.

It was on the grounds of this park that Alexander Hamilton drilled his company of young soldiers. One day a general saw the captain and liked the way he was doing his work. Washington soon afterward heard of this and asked to meet Captain Hamilton. In this manner these two great men became friends.

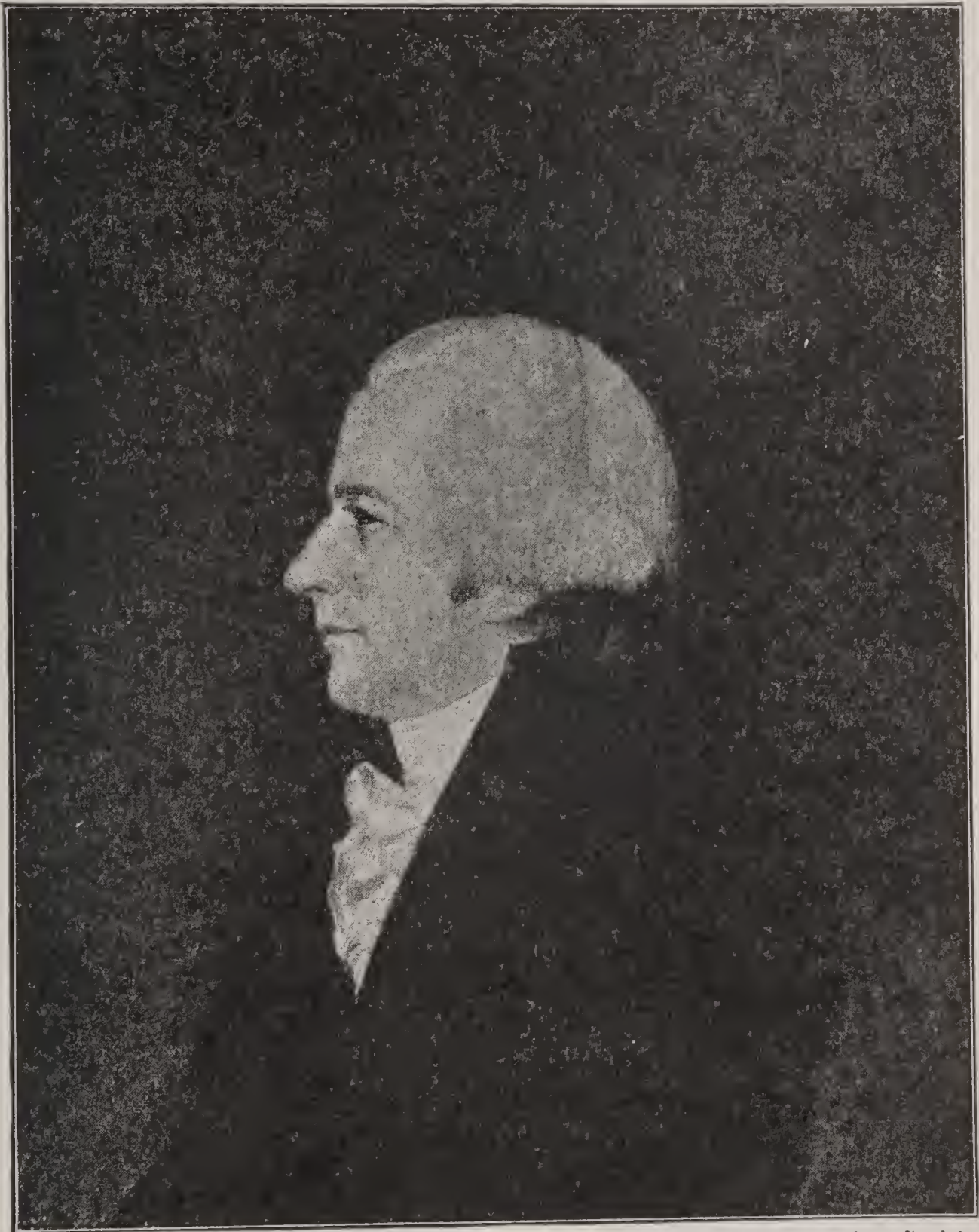
On Tuesday, five days after our country had said that she must be free, Washington's army marched on the park green. There they were told that July Fourth was the birthday of their country, and that they were now soldiers of the United States. Under one of the windows of the City Hall today there is a tablet which tells us all about this event.

For many years after the War of Independence City Hall Park was a quiet place for the people on Sundays and holidays.

In the year 1812 our country was again at war. There had been a great deal of fighting in the Old World. Our sailors and ships had often been captured and the men badly treated by the nations that were at war. Finally it seemed necessary for our

country to prepare for war. Our soldiers were soon once more using the park as a drill-ground.

Then came more years of peace. The city grew bigger and bigger, the streets were paved, and many



New York Historical Society

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

new houses were built. But all through these years there was trouble between the northern and the southern states of our country. In the year 1817 Governor Tompkins and other men said that there must be no more negro slaves in New York State. Men in other northern states thought the same. Men in the South, however, did not believe in this. They wanted to keep the slaves. The trouble became worse. At last, in the year 1861, war broke out. Once again soldiers were to be seen in City Hall Park.

In our own time, too, war has thrown its dark shadow across the same field. During the World War, meetings were held there, and City Hall Park was often crowded with people. Flags of many nations waved with Old Glory from the buildings. War speeches were heard there nearly every day.

As we walk along Broadway today and look at the old buildings and park, let us remember that they have a long and interesting story to tell. Brave men and women have known both joy and sorrow in our city, but once again there is peace.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. How did the Indians use City Hall Park? The Dutch? The English?
2. How did Washington first meet Alexander Hamilton?
3. What news was Washington's Army told at City Hall Park in 1776?
4. For what was City Hall Park used in 1812? In 1861?

A TRIP AROUND CITY HALL PARK

LET us walk around City Hall Park, beginning at St. Paul's Chapel, an old church which stands at Broadway and Fulton Street. The name of this street is familiar to all of us. Robert Fulton was the man who invented the first steamboat. Before his boat made the journey from New York to Albany, only sail-boats had been seen on the river.

In St. Paul's Chapel we may still see the seat in which George Washington sat. After the War of Independence had been won, Washington, as we know, became our first President. The nation's capital city was then New York. On Sundays General Washington went to church at St. Paul's.

It will be worth while to walk about the old graveyard. Outside, in the church wall itself, is a monument in memory of one of our bravest soldiers. In the very early days of the War of Independence General Montgomery lost his life. His body lies buried under the wall of St. Paul's Chapel. French, German, British, as well as American soldiers have been laid to rest in this churchyard.

Part of the Astor House is still standing on the block above St. Paul's Chapel. The Astor House was

for many years one of New York's famous hotels. Well-known men stayed there while visiting the city. The first good sidewalks were laid along this part of Broadway.

On the west side of the park citizens of New York met from time to time during the exciting days before the war for freedom. The headquarters of the Sons of Liberty stood at the corner of Murray Street in the year 1776. These young men did not like the way the English king was treating the people of the colonies. They held meetings to talk over what they should do. Most of the Liberty Boys became brave soldiers in Washington's army.

Across Broadway is the statue of a young man named Nathan Hale. We shall read in another story how young Hale tried to help Washington.

Let us turn into Chambers Street. On the uptown side where the big bank stands, there was once a burying ground. Many American soldiers who died in the prison across the street were buried there. For several years our soldiers were kept in the British prisons which stood in the Park. Large buildings or beautiful lawns are now in their place.

As we pass around the corner, we should glance at the tall building with the street running through it. The city's business became so great a few years ago that it was necessary to find more room. The old City Hall was not big enough. This very large building was therefore erected.

Just south of the tall structure is the spot where the first free school once stood. It was, of course, very small and not much like the present Public



Valentine's Manual.

THE FIRST FREE SCHOOL IN NEW YORK

School Number One in Oliver Street. Only the number remains the same.

We shall now pass under the west end of Brooklyn Bridge which is the oldest bridge across the East River. On our right is the place where the Martyrs' Prison stood in the days of 1776. After the American soldiers had been captured at Fort Washington by the British, they were marched down to this old prison. How long the journey must have seemed! How long the tramp, tramp, tramp from where One Hundred and Eighty-third Street is today!

Before we return to our starting point, we shall pass the place on Park Row where several small forts once protected the city. There were other forts also on the west side of the park.

Let us finish our trip by a visit to the City Hall itself. More than a hundred years have passed away since it was erected. It has seen many an important event in the life of New York. The first city hall was called the Stadt Huys, that is, State House. It stood in Pearl Street. The second was in Wall Street. The present City Hall is the third.

In the year 1824 Lafayette, the good friend of America, visited New York. More than forty years before, he had fought with Washington. This time he came back to see the land he had helped to free. He was received at the Battery and later at the City Hall. All the people turned out to greet him as he rode along the gaily dressed streets.

From time to time ever since the building was



CITY HALL AND THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING

first opened, visitors from many lands have been welcomed on the marble steps of City Hall. In it the mayors of New York for more than a century have had their offices.

Inside of the City Hall are a number of interesting rooms. In the famous Governor's Room there are pictures of many governors of states, who have helped make America great. A pleasant lady will show you about the place. She will show you the picture of Alexander Hamilton who took charge of the money of our country in the days when Washington was President. In the same large room are chairs and a desk which were used by Washington himself in the first years of our country's life.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Whom is Fulton Street named for?
2. What great man went to St. Paul's Chapel in 1789?
3. Who was General Montgomery? Where is he buried?
4. What was the Astor House? Is it still standing?
5. Who were the Sons of Liberty?
6. What tall building near City Hall Park has a street running through it?
7. Where was the first public school?
8. Where was the Martyrs' Prison? Why was it so called?
9. Is the present City Hall the first one built?
10. Where is the Mayor's office?
11. What should we see in City Hall?

THE SONS OF LIBERTY ON GOLDEN HILL

THERE was great excitement on Broadway on January 18, 1770. Three thousand citizens crowded on the Common, which we now call City Hall Park. They were very much annoyed over something. For a long time there had been more or less trouble. England and her daughter, America, had not been getting along very well. Many meetings had been held during the four or five years that had just passed.

At one time, four years before that January day, the people felt happy because they believed they had settled the trouble. Some young men set up a tall pole to celebrate, but the king's soldiers promptly cut it down. Two other poles were set up and each in its turn came down. In March of the next year the soldiers tried to tear down the fourth pole, but they failed to do so. In December, more than two years later, a notice was printed and sent about the city. One of the Sons of Liberty had done this. It was an invitation to all to meet at the Liberty Pole.

The citizens did not like the idea of having British soldiers living in their city. They disliked still more the idea of paying for the food of these men. Should they give supplies to soldiers whom they did not want? This was the question that the meeting was

called to answer. Everybody read the notice that had been posted.

The soldiers did not like this way of doing things. They tried in every way to find out who had printed the notice. They sawed the Liberty Pole down and cut it into pieces. These they threw in front of a house where the Liberty Boys were holding a meeting at the corner of Murray Street. We need not say how angry the young men became. Within a week another pole was standing with the word LIBERTY nailed to the top. The letters were so large that everybody could see them.

As we have read, three thousand persons crowded around the Liberty Pole on January 18, 1770. The next day three of the king's soldiers were caught in Maiden Lane. They had been putting up signs that the Sons of Liberty did not like. A few of the citizens went to the Mayor's office, taking the soldiers with them. It was not long before a number of other soldiers were seen hurrying to set their comrades free.

How excited all the people were on that cold January day! Soldiers and citizens soon crowded the streets of the city. A great many were on John and William Streets. In those days this part of the city was known as Golden Hill. The soldiers lost their tempers and turned to attack the mob of citizens. In a moment the first American life in the War of Independence had been lost. New York had never seen such excitement. No one had ever heard so much noise.

Two months after this fight on Golden Hill there

was trouble in Boston. Soldiers and citizens fought on the street and some of the citizens were killed. Five years later the war for freedom began.

For a long time nobody seemed to know who had written the notice that had led to the trouble on Golden Hill. After a while the printer told who it was, and pretty soon Alexander McDougall was sent to prison. But, to the surprise of the soldiers, the prisoner had many friends who visited him very often. It was not long before he was set free. In Fraunces Tavern today, you may see the young man's picture. During the war for liberty he became a general in the American army.

Some day when you visit City Hall Park, you will see the new Liberty Pole. Nobody will ever tear it down. Americans will remember how the Sons of Liberty struggled near where it stands. First, they *thought*; then, they *talked*; then, they *acted*. That has been the way Americans have liked to do things.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Why was the first Liberty Pole erected? When?
2. Why did the Sons of Liberty call a meeting of the people in 1770?
3. How was the first American life lost in the War of Independence? Where?
4. Who was Alexander McDougall? What did he do? What happened to him?
5. Where is the new Liberty Pole?
6. What should all of us remember to do?

McGOWN'S PASS IN CENTRAL PARK

“DID you hear that shot?” The voice came from a room in the stone tavern on one of the hills at McGown's Pass. The house is not there today, but the old Pass is still where it was in the days of 1776. You may see it near the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park at One Hundred and Sixth Street.

“Did you hear that shot?” the same voice said again.

“Yes, very plainly,” was the reply from several persons.

It was a September day in the year 1776. Close by the stone house ran Harlem Creek, and over to the east lay a swamp where there is a lake today. The Pass was a part of a very old road that led all the way from Bowling Green to Kingsbridge. Many an Indian had tramped along this pathway before the white men came.

In the East River not far off was a British warship. It had been there for some time. All expected something to happen. When the shot was fired, everybody knew what it meant.

At the foot of East Eighty-ninth Street the Americans had a battery of small guns. The early morning firing was no doubt aimed at American sol-

diers stationed there. At that moment, the British army was landing on Manhattan Island. Down the East River at Thirty-fourth Street the men were stepping ashore. Washington's men had already crossed from Long Island after the battle in August. The British were now following and expected to capture the American army.

"I hear the clatter of horses' hoofs," remarked a person in McGown's Pass Tavern.

"I'm sure they are coming our way," said another.

Several persons rushed quickly to the windows which faced the north. In the distance they could make out an American officer on horseback. How noble both horse and rider looked that morning! It was certain that important things were to happen very soon. The traveler quickly drew nearer and nearer; the dust rose from beneath the horse's hoofs. Every one at the tavern window was sure that Washington was the swift rider. He, too, had heard the shots from the warship. The general had ordered his horse and left headquarters at once. He passed the tavern at full speed. Then he was covered by a cloud of dust and was lost to sight. He was hurrying to take charge of his brave troops just below the Pass.

Late in the afternoon of that September day the British commander marched his men up the Kingsbridge Road. Luckily Washington had passed by early enough to escape. Luckily, too, his soldiers were also able to get away. All of the Americans were soon moving northward to safety. The small



GEORGE WASHINGTON

army of Americans could not yet fight the large number of well-trained British soldiers.

The British hurried on close behind the Americans. It seemed, at first, that some of our men would be captured but none were. Most of our army had marched northward by way of the Hudson River roads. The king's troops heard of this and crossed Bloomingdale Road to stop them. This road is about where upper Broadway is today. The redcoats were again too late, for the Americans had just passed by to their camps on Harlem Heights.

The lights in the McGown house that evening were not for American soldiers to enjoy. The British army lay stretched across Manhattan Island. Far to the south flickered the dim lights of the city. Far to the north the patriot fires were burning low. No one could tell what might happen the next day. Most of our men must have felt that they would not rest very long. The Hollow Way, which we now call Manhattan Street, lay between the two armies. South of where Grant's Tomb is today were the British redcoats. North of them, on what we now call Washington Heights, were the Americans.

We can only think of the feelings of the widow, Mrs. McGown, in the tavern at the Pass. Years before, her husband had been lost at sea. Shortly afterward she had bought the house with its ten acres of land. There she had made her home with her son from the day Jacob Dyckman sold her the place and handed her the keys. Now came the foreign soldiers to live in the house that she owned. How long they would stay, she could not tell. They did not know

themselves. Even their speech was different from hers, for German soldiers, who were helping the British, had been left to guard the Pass.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where is McGown's Pass?
2. What road was the Pass a part of?
3. Where did the British Army land on Manhattan Island after the Battle of Long Island? What did they expect to do?
4. What did the Americans do when the British landed on Manhattan?
5. Did the British cut them off?
6. Where did the American Army camp? Where did the British?
7. Who kept the tavern at McGown's Pass?

THE STORY OF NATHAN HALE

NATHAN HALE was a young captain in Washington's army. Before he became a soldier, he had been a school teacher. When trouble broke out with the mother country, Nathan Hale was one of the first to say he would help America.

In the summer of the year 1776 we had lost the Battle of Long Island. In September, the small American army was in camp on Manhattan Island. The enemy were in Brooklyn and in what is now the Borough of Queens. General Howe, the British commander, lived at Newtown. Those were anxious days for Washington. He wished to know how long General Howe would remain at Newtown. He also wished to know how long the British soldiers would be kept on the other side of the East River. Nobody could tell him.

All along the bank of the river Washington's men were watching night and day. But this was not enough. A man was needed to go on a very dangerous errand. He was to go into the enemy's camp and find an answer to this question: How soon will General Howe move his army from Long Island to Manhattan?

Captain Nathan Hale said he was willing to make

the trip and bring back the answer. He took off his soldier's uniform and dressed himself as a schoolmaster. Instead of the bright clothes of an army captain he wore a brown suit and a round, broad-brimmed hat.

It was about the time in September when school opens that Nathan Hale started on his errand. We know how hard it must have been to say good-bye.



"I REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR MY COUNTRY"

Some of his friends thought that they would never see him again. They knew that if he were captured he would have to die. This was a rule of war.

From the King's Bridge Hale went through what is now the Borough of The Bronx. Then he walked farther to find a boat. He wished to cross Long Island Sound. It was not very many days before he learned that Captain Pond was going to sail. Nathan Hale seems to have known the captain and asked to be taken on board.

As soon as he reached the opposite shore, there was great danger for the American soldier wherever he went. Hale might be seen at almost any time. Just where the young man traveled after this, we do not know. Some believe that he was able to cross to Manhattan Island. Some even think that he was in sight of his friends in the American camp in Harlem.

On the evening of September 22, 1776, the American officers at the Roger Morris House heard a horseman coming up the road. Only a few days before, Washington had come to the old house to make it his headquarters. It still stands at One Hundred and Sixtieth Street and Edgecombe Avenue.

The horseman dropped from his horse and soon told the sad news of Hale's death. At eleven o'clock on that very morning Nathan Hale had given his life for his country. He had been captured the evening before by the British guard. After a few questions had been asked he admitted what he had been doing. On the morning of the next day he was hanged as a spy.

The place where Nathan Hale gave his life for our freedom was not many miles south of Washington's headquarters. At the corner of First Avenue and Fifty-first Street stood the Beekman Mansion. This was used by General Howe as his headquarters, after he left Newtown and crossed to Manhattan. The shore of the East River was not very far off. From the windows of the house the British warships could be seen. Close by it ran a little brook of clear water which made its journey slowly into Turtle Bay. Somewhere near the Beekman House Nathan Hale last saw the light of morning. It was probably about six blocks south, a few yards from the river's edge.

As we walk along Broadway today, let us not forget to stop and see the statue of Captain Nathan Hale. It is in City Hall Park. Upon the stone on which it stands a few words have been placed. They were the last that the famous patriot-spy ever spoke:

I REGRET THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR MY
COUNTRY

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What had Nathan Hale done before he joined the army?
2. What did Hale go to find out?
3. Where were the British soldiers? Where were the Americans?
4. How was Hale dressed when he entered the British lines?
5. If he were captured what would happen to him? Why?
6. Was Hale captured? What happened?
7. What were his last words?
8. Where does his statue stand today?

THE BATTLE ON HARLEM PLAINS

FROM just north of Grant's tomb to the hill opposite is a steel bridge. Underneath this bridge is Manhattan Street. In the year 1776 there was no bridge, and the street below was a wide road called the Hollow Way.

The hill north of the Hollow Way was called Harlem Heights. It was there that Washington's army was in camp. The hill south of the Hollow Way was known as Harlem Plains. There the British were under command of General Howe. The enemy lines extended southeast to where Central Park is today.

Washington was anxious to learn what the enemy were going to do. Only a few days before, the British army had been on Long Island. A young American captain named Nathan Hale had gone to find out as much as possible. Before he could return to tell Washington, the British army had crossed from Long Island to Manhattan. There they were on the sixteenth of September in the year 1776.

Before day dawned about one hundred twenty Americans led by brave Thomas Knowlton, moved quietly across the Hollow Way. They thought that perhaps they might find the British sleeping. Perhaps, too, they might learn a great deal about what the enemy were expecting to do. Then they would

return to camp. As the Americans moved along the road, they were discovered. A fight took place. After the loss of ten of his men, Colonel Knowlton thought it best to go back.

It was certain that there were only about three hundred of the British near-by. Washington believed that he could capture them. Even if he could not do so, his men would feel satisfied that they had at least tried. Ever since their defeat on Long Island many of the American soldiers had been sad and unhappy. If they could win a battle on Harlem Plains they would be more cheerful. Washington noticed that some of the enemy soldiers were on the hill guarding the road below them. They were near what is now One Hundred and Twentieth Street in Morningside Park.

The order was soon given to climb the hill and fight the British on the Plains above. One body of



“THE BRITISH WERE BEING PUSHED BACK”

Americans was to go to the rear. Another and much larger body of men was ordered to attack the hill in front.

By noon there were about eighteen hundred American soldiers in battle. The British were being pushed back from the hilltop to a field a short distance away, where Columbia University now stands. Although his men were winning the battle, Washington knew that not far south were the main troops of the enemy. If he waited too long, his little force might be taken. He therefore gave the order to retreat.

That night, the Americans built their camp-fires north of the Hollow Way as they had done before. They were tired but happy. They had shown what they could do and were proud of their good work. Only one thing made them sad. Some of their friends of the evening before would never be at the camp-fires again. Two heroic leaders would be seen no more. Such was the price the men of long ago had to pay for the freedom that you and I enjoy today.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where was the Hollow Way?
2. Where were Harlem Heights? Who were camped there?
3. Where were Harlem Plains? Who were camped there?
4. Who was Thomas Knowlton? What did he do? Why?
5. What happened to Knowlton's men?
6. What did Washington order his men to do? Why?
7. What happened to the American forces?
8. Where was the battle fought?

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

FORMERLY CALLED THE JUMEL MANSION

EVERY New York boy and girl should visit Washington's Headquarters in Roger Morris Park. The old house used to be called the Jumel Mansion and also the Roger Morris House. It stands on a high hill overlooking the Harlem River at One Hundred and Sixtieth Street and Edgecombe Avenue. If its walls had tongues, how gladly we should listen to their story! These walls would tell us of the old city ten miles down the long road. They would tell us how the city gradually grew larger and larger, and how road after road was cut through. They would also let us know how these roads were well paved and became streets and avenues.

The fine view to the south is somewhat shut off now by the new houses that have been built. If we could have stood on the balcony above the main entrance, during all the years since 1765, how many things we might have seen!

Let us enter the house and visit for a few minutes. We shall hear the walls speak.

"We are very, very old," the walls murmur not unhappily. "We have seen and heard a great many



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS (Jumel Mansion)

famous persons. These people have all passed away, but we are still strong. There are few as strong as we are even in our old age.

“When Roger Morris brought us together in the year 1765, we were pleased at once. Our friends were the hard floorings, the high ceilings, and the big windows.

“The trees and green grass about us have been beautiful. We have enjoyed the cool breezes from the river. When the workmen had finished their part, we soon heard strange voices. Our owners had come to live in their new house. Their names were Roger and Mary Morris. Here they lived happily with their children for several years. The merry laughter of the house made us glad.

“Ten years had passed pleasantly by when a great change came into our lives. We could not understand at first just what the trouble was. There were many strange words spoken at meal-time. One day in the year 1775 we missed Colonel Roger Morris.

Other days followed and then we learned what was the matter. Our owner had left New York. Men and women had not been pleased with their king for a long time past. Indeed, most of them seemed ready to fight for their freedom. Roger Morris did not agree with these people. He believed that they were wrong in what they were about to do.

“We learned later that the Colonel did not wish to fight against his American friends. At the same time he did not wish to fight with them against his king. The whole story was then told. As the mail-boat sailed away for England one bright morning, Colonel Morris was on it.”

At this point in their story we can fancy that we hear more than one wall sigh with grief. The War of Independence brought a number of new faces and many new voices.

“Finally on a dark night in September in the year 1776,” the big front wall begins, “there was a sound of horses’ hoofs on the road. Several strangers entered the house. They were queerly dressed and seemed to be soldiers. One of the strangers was very tall and straight. We were all sure that he must be the leader. Of course, we could not tell, for nobody spoke much. As the men walked in, we could see in a few minutes that they had come to stay for some time.

“A great man was now in the house of Roger Morris. His name was George Washington and perhaps we should not be alive today if he had not come. The general looked a little tired, we thought. Later, we learned that his men had lost a battle on Long

Island only two weeks before. Although Washington expected to stay for a long time, he remained for little more than a month."

At this point, the front wall stops speaking.

"We did not know how famous the old house would become because of Washington's visit," says the wall leading back from the main door. "Within a few days, we heard the sound of guns about two or three miles away toward the south. Very often, we could hear a voice giving orders. Hardly a day passed quietly. Soldiers moved in and out and seemed to be in a great hurry."

After a few minutes of silence, we shall learn the story of one of the rooms in the old house. It is the room on the right as we enter.

"In the room to the right," says our friend, the front wall, "Washington took dinner at three o'clock in the afternoon. Usually, there were two or three guests. Although it was a time of war, how you would have enjoyed those afternoons!

"As you walk about the room, you will see pictures of many famous persons. In glass cases are all sorts of interesting things. Most of them were in use while Washington lived in the Roger Morris House. Upstairs there are wooden and china plates, pocketbooks, and shoe-buckles. In the old guard-room is a collection of bottles and cups and saucers which were found in the huts of the soldiers of 1776. This part of Manhattan Island was a large camp in those days.

"On the second floor are several important rooms. There is the room which some people have believed

was Washington's bed-room. Near it is the one in which the great Frenchman, Lafayette, once slept.

“This mansion has heard many a story of joy and sorrow. When you grow older, you may wish to read about the Jumel family that lived in it for more than fifty years. Many people still call the house by their name. The name we should like everybody to remember is neither Jumel nor Roger Morris. It is the name of the Father of his Country, George Washington. What do you think? Many persons now call it Washington's Headquarters.”

Here the walls stop speaking.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What other name do you know for this house?
2. Where is it?
3. Who built it? When?
4. What great General made his headquarters there?
5. What do we find in the old mansion today?
6. What great Frenchman slept in this house?
7. Why has it been called the Jumel Mansion? Why should we call it by another name?

THE STORY OF FORT GEORGE AND FORT WASHINGTON

It was Sunday afternoon in the middle of November in the year 1776. A sharp breeze was blowing over the hills. For hours the weary feet of American soldiers had been heard tramping in the dust of McGown's Pass in what is now Central Park. Their faces told that they were far from happy. Company after company marched slowly by.



Valentine's Manual

OLD SUGAR HOUSE USED AS A PRISON BY THE BRITISH

“The rebels look rather sad,” said the German guard at the tavern. He was right—the rebels *were* sad. A few hours before, they had been fighting for freedom. But they had been captured and were on their way to prison. There were still seven or eight miles to go before they halted at the old prison in what would some day be called City Hall Park.

If on one of the days following, a homesick young soldier had been permitted to write a letter to his mother, perhaps this is what he would have said:

30 November 1776

Dear Mother:

I am now a prisoner of the British, but do not worry for I am quite well. I hope this post will find you also well. How is Sister? Has little George been good? Tell him he is named after a great man. I know it.

We had to give up the fort but it wasn't Washington's fault. Perhaps nobody was to blame. But, oh, what a day we had! It was Saturday, you remember, just two weeks ago. We fought a good fight, but we were caught like rats in a trap!

Near me as I write this letter is a poor chap. He was shot when the British took Laurel Hill. It wasn't much of a wound so the doctors haven't bothered about him. He suffers a good deal though. He bears it well but he can't sleep. He wakes up often and next day he tells us that he has dreamed of Colonel Baxter. Baxter was the brave soldier who tried to hold the hill. He was killed in the attack. My young

friend was near him when he fell. The picture of the battle seems to come back every night.

Yesterday, my friend's chum told me a good deal about the fight on Laurel Hill. The British are going to call it Fort George, I believe. Well, let them. I suppose they will rename Fort Washington after the German who took it. We shan't want either of them for many a day.

The fight started early Saturday morning. You see, the big fort was on a high hill overlooking the North River. (Some call it the Hudson.) The hill is the highest on the island, they say. It was a strong fort, too. It had five sides and looked big enough. General Greene knows how to build a fort. We thought it could stand anything. But there were too many of us in it. We could hardly move to the guns.

Not a mile north of Fort Washington was another fort on Forest Hill. My, what a time our men had there! But they gave the Germans something to remember before they reached the top. For nearly three hours there was fighting. We had only six hundred against their five thousand. Some time I'll write you about Margaret Corbin. She was as good as any of us that morning. Poor John, her husband, was killed and she took his place. Then she was hit, too. I hope she will be better soon.

Laurel Hill is on the Harlem River. It is not across the river but on the Manhattan side. As I have said, the enemy will call it Fort George. There's where the redcoats came up from their boats on the Harlem. But they had to fight for what they took. Over on the other side of the river we still have a



ALL THAT REMAINS OF FORT WASHINGTON

line of forts. North of King's Bridge, we have several more.

After a sharp fight we had to leave Laurel Hill and march down to the big fort. There was a British

warship in the Hudson not far off. They called her the *Pearl*. She had a great deal to do with the battle.

Two or three miles below Fort Washington our men had thrown up the earth in high heaps. These kept the redcoats away for a while. But it was no use. Everybody kept crowding into the main fort. We did our best but there were too many against us.

We had to give up the fort. Then they marched us down here. There were nearly three thousand of us. Some of the wounded are in the prison-ships. The ships are horrible places, I hear.

Well, Howe has the island of Manhattan now. I wonder how the people will feel to have the redcoats so near.

Washington still has an army. He is at Fort Lee across the Hudson from Fort Washington. I am afraid that will have to be given up, too. But we can trust our great general. We must win in the end.

I shall stop here. It's late. I don't like this old prison, but I'll try to keep happy.

Remember me to all. Love to everybody.

Your obedient and loving son,
Henry.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where was Laurel Hill? What did the British call it later?
2. What happened to the Americans at Laurel Hill? Who was their commander?
3. What happened to the Americans at Fort Washington?
4. What did the British do with the wounded Americans?
5. Where was Washington after the battle?

THE STORY OF MARGARET CORBIN

WHEN we visit Fort Tryon or Abbey Hill, let us remember the brave Margaret Corbin who helped make our country free in the days of 1776.

There were once three forts on Manhattan Island between One Hundred and Eighty-third and One Hundred and Ninety-seventh Streets. Two of them stood on what we now call Washington Heights. On one side of this high land is the Hudson River. On the other side is a broad valley. East of this is Fort George. The northern fort near the Hudson was on what was once called Forest Hill but is now known as Fort Tryon or Abbey Hill. The southern fort was near what is now One Hundred and Eighty-third Street and Fort Washington Avenue.

Perhaps the hardest fighting on Manhattan Island during the War of Independence took place on Washington Heights. Three times the American soldiers beat back the enemy with terrible loss. Nearly five thousand German troops, who helped the British, finally reached the top of Forest Hill. Only six hundred Americans were there to meet them. Although they were ready and brave, they could not hold the hill against so many. Besides the soldiers of the enemy there was a British warship near Inwood, which poured forth hot shot upon our men.

Among the soldiers who fought on that November day in the year 1776 was John Corbin, a gunner, as brave as any man in our army. His work was very dangerous. As the hours passed away, shells fell in every direction. With John Corbin was his faithful wife, Margaret, who helped him load and fire his gun. Suddenly a loud cry was heard, and John Corbin sank to the ground beside his gun. In another minute Margaret Corbin had taken his place.

When John Corbin joined the army of Washington, he had a difficult question to answer. His wife went to him and said: "If you go, I shall go also." At first, of course, he did not see how this could be done. Only men could go to fight in battle. But Margaret Corbin knew that a woman could help. She had had a great deal of trouble in her short life-time. At five years of age she had been awakened by the wild yell of Indians. Her father had rushed out to save his family but was killed. His wife was spared but led away by the savages. No one ever saw her again.

Therefore, when Margaret Corbin was much younger than the boys and girls who read this book, she was left without father or mother. For years she had to work hard to earn her living. Then the war came when, at the age of twenty-four, she was the wife of John Corbin. So it happened that Margaret went to war and helped in every way she could.

In the year 1776 John and Margaret Corbin were on Manhattan Island far from their home. On November 16 the Americans were, as we have read, in battle with the British on Washington Heights.

Then came the shot that killed John Corbin. The officer in charge ordered the gun removed, but a woman's voice was heard above the roar of battle: "Let me take his place! Let the gun stay! I am ready and able to do the work!" It was the voice of Margaret Corbin.

A few minutes passed. The fight raged on as the enemy reached the top of the hill. Then Margaret Corbin's hand fell from her gun. She sank to the ground. She had been hit and badly wounded. As tenderly as possible at that terrible moment, they took the brave young woman from the field to a safer spot.

No hero received more praise than Margaret Corbin. You will see her name high on the stone that is now on the side of the famous battle hill.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where was the most severe fighting between the Americans and British on Manhattan Island?
2. What troops helped the British?
3. Did the Americans have as many men as the British?
4. What did John Corbin do?
5. How did Margaret Corbin help her husband?
6. What happened to Margaret's father? Her mother?
7. What happened to John Corbin?
8. What did Margaret do then?
9. What happened to Margaret Corbin?

A GREAT DAY AT FRAUNCES TAVERN

“I CANNOT come to each of you to take your leave,” said the General, “but shall be obliged if each of you will come and shake me by the hand.” The great American, George Washington, was about to say good-bye to his officers who had helped him win independence for the United States. In the midst



“EVERY ONE WHO CAN DO SO SHOULD VISIT FRAUNCES TAVERN”

of his men whom he loved, he was standing for the last time.

It was the morning of Tuesday, the fourth day of December, in the year 1783. Less than a month before, the last British soldier had left New York. There had been great rejoicing in all the land. Now the hour of parting was near. Soldiers who had been together for years were about to return to their homes. For an hour or more the people in Pearl and Broad Streets had been quietly watching the scene. Well-known men were coming to Fraunces Tavern.

“There goes General Greene,” we might have heard somebody say. “There is ‘Mad Anthony’ Wayne and there is General Knox,” said another. Schuyler, Gates, and Hamilton were coming, too. Then Governor Clinton entered the ancient doorway. More than forty faithful soldiers were soon assembled in the Long Room on that December day.

Promptly at noon there was silence. All eyes turned. On the staircase, just outside of the Long Room, a footstep was heard. It sounded familiar. A moment more and George Washington stood at the door. As the great leader came in, he looked around but did not speak. The events of many years of weary warfare were passing through his memory. Faces of noble comrades met his eye. Perhaps he was thinking of the many brave soldiers who had died for liberty.

“With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you,” Washington began. “I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been

glorious and honorable." Thus he spoke and then invited each man to shake his hand.

General Knox was nearest his side. He came forward first. With tears in his eyes Washington grasped his comrade's hand. Neither spoke a word. All was silence in the room. The light of noonday shone through the window-pane. The house had stood since the year 1719, but this was its great day. From that December hour, Fraunces Tavern would live as long as the city itself.

Only a few minutes more had passed when Washington stepped back toward the door and there waved his hand to the silent company. All of them followed him to the street and down to the riverside. One who was present went home and wrote about it.

"As soon as he was seated," says Colonel Tall-



Stone's History of N. Y.

"WASHINGTON WAVED HIS HAT AND PASSED OUT OF SIGHT"

madge, "the barge put off into the river." Washington waved his hat and passed out of sight.

At Number 51 Whitehall Street, we may read a tablet which marks the spot where the ferry used to be. It was there that Washington sailed away for his home in Virginia.

Every one who can do so should visit Fraunces Tavern. Upstairs above the Long Room is a museum. Perhaps the most interesting thing to see is Washington's cane. It is in one of the big glass cases. School children of New York gave this cane to George Washington when he became first President of the United States. On the gold band may be plainly seen the initials, G. W.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What happened in December, 1783? Where were the British soldiers?
2. Name five famous Generals who were present at Fraunces Tavern on December 4, 1783.
3. What did George Washington say?
4. Where did Washington go afterwards?
5. What use is made of Fraunces Tavern today?

THE DYCKMAN HOUSE AND PARK

THE Dyckman farmhouse still stands at the corner of Broadway and Two Hundred and Fourth Street in a small but well-cared for park. It is visited by thousands of people every year. This homestead is perhaps more ancient than any other house on Manhattan Island for it was built in the year 1783.

In the little garden or park about the Dyckman House are several kinds of plants. Roses and peonies, lilacs and hollyhocks, are growing. Even a few trees have been set out to remind us of the days of the early settlers.

The old farmhouse stands in a section of Manhattan which has an interesting story to tell. It is in a broad valley. South of it are famous hills where American soldiers fought and died for our freedom. North and east of the house, the valley extends to the Harlem River.

Indian dwellings were once to be seen in the neighborhood. That was before the Dutch settlers came. Then large farms were planted. Cattle rested in the shade of the tall, old trees.

Besides the peaceful scenes of country life the Dyckman farm saw the soldiers of the War of Independence lighting their camp-fires at night. In the



New York Historical Society

“WHAT THE HUTS OF THE ARMY OFFICERS WERE LIKE”

park you may see what the huts of the army officers were like. American, British, German, and Scotch soldiers once lived in this part of Manhattan as far north as Kingsbridge.

Along the main road which passed the Dyckman House famous men were often seen. This road is now called Broadway. Washington, Lafayette, Hamilton, and Clinton used it on their way from the city to Spuyten Duyvil.

There are a number of interesting things to see

in the well-kept rooms. A visit to the kitchen, the dining-room, and the attic will show how the men and women of long ago spent their time. The thick stone walls helped the big fire-places keep the cold winds from the family as they slept in the large bedrooms. Old chairs and tables, clocks and spinning-wheels, may be seen where they used to be in days gone by.

In the years when the Dyckman family lived in their comfortable house there were no stores near in which to buy things. Candles and hard soap, thread and cloth, had to be made. Everybody must have been very busy for the farm was one of the largest on Manhattan Island. There was always something to do either in the house or in the fields.

When you visit the Dyckman House, try to think of the little boys and girls of other times. Do you think that they enjoyed themselves as much as you do?

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where is the Dyckman House?
2. When was it built?
3. What can we see in the Dyckman House today?
4. Would you have liked to live in the days when the Dyckman House was built? Why?

THE BLOCKHOUSE IN CENTRAL PARK

IF you had been living in New York in the year 1812, you would have heard your parents talking of war. Our country and England had been having trouble for a long time. England and France were at war and very often forgot that we were not. From time to time our ships were stopped at sea and one or more of our sailors taken. Finally, we felt that we should protect our brave men and fight if it were necessary.

Perhaps some evening two years later you would



THE BLOCKHOUSE IN CENTRAL PARK

have gone out for a walk. For a long time past there had been the sound of shoveling near McGown's Pass. You would have heard it for your home was, more than likely, in a farmhouse not far away. Your parents had been reading in the newspapers that the city must be made safer. The English ships might come through the East River from the North. If they did, they might easily take Manhattan Island.

"The Governor and the Mayor are right," you heard your father say. "We must build a strong blockhouse. Maybe we shall have to build two or three forts besides."

Many men were busy when you went out to see the work near McGown's Pass. The carpenter and the lawyer, the teacher and the grocer, were there. The farmer and the storekeeper were close by. Everybody was working. In the daytime one group was busy. In the evening another group took its place. Night after night, day after day, the digging went on. There was no time to lose. Nobody knew when the forts would be needed.

Across the island a chain of forts was built. If we had strolled over to the high hill, we could have seen how strong the blockhouse was on that bed of rock. It measured thirty-four feet on each side. One of the walls was nineteen feet high. When the blockhouse was finished, it had a big gun on top. It could shoot in any direction the soldiers turned it.

Today the old blockhouse is still standing. It looks out over Central Park at One Hundred and Ninth Street and Seventh Avenue. Many people trudge up the path to see its thick heavy walls. A



FORT FISH AND MCGOWN'S PASS, CENTRAL PARK

flagpole rises from the roof. On holidays the Stars and Stripes wave there in the breeze.

A little to the south of the blockhouse we may see the place where the other forts once stood. They were built at the same time. Their names were Fort Fish and Fort Clinton. Nicholas Fish had been a soldier with Washington and was one of the leading men of his day. De Witt Clinton was then Mayor of New York. Later he became a great friend of the public schools. His name has been given to a large high school for boys at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street.

On the spot where Fort Clinton stood, a flagpole and a small gun may now be seen. Five tall trees have been planted where McGown's tavern used to be. Each tree stands for a borough of the city.

McGown's Pass has seen many a stirring event for it has had a very long life. Soldiers have lived

and suffered there. Men and women have stopped there to dine in the days when the tavern was open to all people. Washington himself knew it well. The old tavern and the forts have passed away. Only the road and the blockhouse live on to tell the story of so many years.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Why did the United States go to war with England in 1812?
2. Why was the blockhouse built in Central Park?
3. Is it standing today?
4. Where were the other forts built at the same time?
5. Who was De Witt Clinton?
6. What marks the spot today where Fort Clinton once stood? Where McGown's Tavern once stood?

THE MONROE HOUSE AND WHY IT IS FAMOUS

AMONG the soldiers in Washington's army was a young man named James Monroe. He was only eighteen years old when he fought on Harlem Plains where Morningside Park is today. The young officer took part in a number of battles during the War of Independence and was severely wounded in one of them.

After the fighting was over and America was free, James Monroe still served his country in many ways. When the United States wished to buy a very large piece of land from France, President Jefferson sent him as one of the men to do it. The greatest Americans of his time were among his friends.

In the year 1817, after he had held many high positions, James Monroe became President of the United States. During his eight years in the White House our country was at peace. Everybody seemed happy and content.

Though the United States was at peace, there were people in South America who were at war. Many of them were fighting for freedom from Spain. Americans thought they were right in doing this, and hoped they would succeed. A great man named Henry Clay



JAMES MONROE

helped them by his speeches, and President Monroe helped them by his writing.

It was because he wrote to protect the people of North and South America, that James Monroe will always be remembered. He believed that no other nation should come to America to rule. All of America, he wrote, must be free. We should attend to our own affairs, and the nations of the world must do nothing that would bother any country on our side of the Atlantic Ocean.

A short time before his death in the year 1831, the former President moved to New York and lived in his daughter's house in Prince Street. The little old brick house is still standing. It will be kept forever as a memorial to the fifth President of the United States.

When we visit the house in Prince Street, let us think of the good man who once walked in and out

nearly one hundred years ago. He spent his life in working for the good of his country. Thomas Jefferson called him "honest and brave." We know, too, that he was a gentleman, quiet in manner and polite to everybody.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where did James Monroe fight during the War of Independence? How old was he?
2. When did Monroe become President?
3. Why will Monroe always be remembered?
4. Where did Monroe live in New York? Is the building still standing?

THE FIRST TRIP UP THE HUDSON BY STEAMBOAT

“LET’S go to the river to see *Fulton’s Folly*.” A young man was speaking to his friend. It was a Saturday morning in August in the year 1807. A number of people had gone down before to see a strange new boat, which was in the North River near the Battery. She was expected to sail that day. Perhaps we should have said *steam* for the boat was not going in the old way.

The little boat’s name was *Clermont*. Her hull had been built at Corlear’s Hook near the east end of Grand Street. Her engines had been brought all the way from England.

New York was not a big city in the year 1807. For a long time Robert Fulton and his steamboat were talked about by everybody. Some said that he could never reach Albany on *that* boat. Some believed that there would surely be a serious accident. There were a few who shook their heads and wondered what would happen if the boiler burst. Many said little but thought much. Others were willing to wait and see.

As the crowd gathered to look on, it could easily be seen that sails had been taken on board. No

doubt, Robert Fulton was thought very wise in doing this. Some people felt certain that they would be needed. Several men were trying to put everything in order as quickly as possible. The little vessel seemed eager to start. She was like a little girl who is getting ready for a picnic.

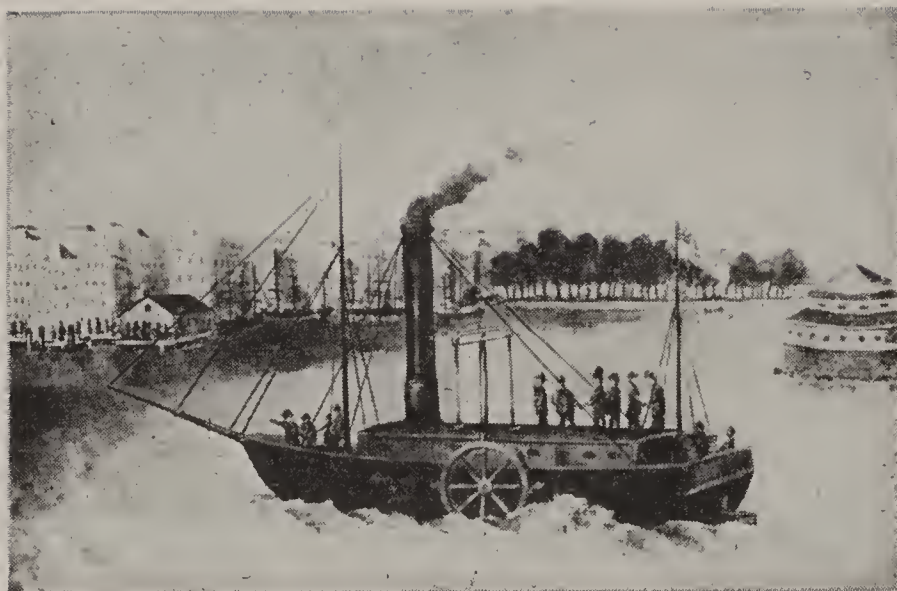
No one would say that the *Clermont* was a good-looking boat. She was only one hundred fifty feet long. She could have fitted in nicely across one of our avenues. Her two big side-wheels were nearly out of the water. Their blades could be seen by everybody, for they were uncovered.

At one o'clock a tall gentleman gave a signal to the captain. In a minute or two black smoke was coming out of the smoke-stack. The ropes were cast off, and *Fulton's Folly* moved slowly into the broad river. This was a nickname for the boat whose builder was foolish enough to try to run her by steam.

As the people on the shore watched eagerly, they suddenly saw that something was wrong. The *Clermont* stopped. She would not go. How some of the watchers laughed! They called out to the crew, and offered help. Others were more polite but seemed to smile a little. A few were anxious and feared that a terrible accident had happened.

A whole hour passed and still the *Clermont* did not move. Then, almost as suddenly as they had stopped, the wheels began to turn once more. The water dashed upon the deck and rippling waves were soon going out toward the shore. *Fulton's Folly* had at last really started on her famous journey.

It was a slow trip but much faster than the tiny



THE CLERMONT

Half Moon had made two hundred years before. The afternoon gradually wore away and the sun sank farther and farther out of sight. One by one the stars came out for they seemed eager to see the *Clermont*. They were much more friendly than the people on the docks had been. Not a word was heard from any one of them. All they did was to twinkle, twinkle, twinkle. In reply the big, black smoke-stack sent up great clouds of sparks from the hot fires below.

The travelers amused themselves with songs and stories. Robert Fulton, the tall gentleman who had given the signal to go, must have been happy for the boat that he had planned and built was making a successful trip. After the Highlands had been passed most of the men went to sleep. As there were no beds, they had to lie down on boards or on blankets if they had brought them along.

On Sunday morning the *Clermont* was far up the river, and the cook was busy making coffee for

breakfast. All sat down to a good meal and seemed to enjoy it. A short stop was soon made. The little steamboat had gone up the river seventy-five miles from the city.

At noon the *Clermont* reached a landing-place one hundred miles from New York. It was at the home of a close friend of Robert Fulton. It, too, was called Clermont. We now know how Fulton found a name for his boat. The afternoon was spent at this beautiful country place. A party of friends went on board and it was not until nine o'clock the next morning that the *Clermont* was again on her way.

Four o'clock had come and gone. The sun was slowly sinking in the west before the church spires of Albany could be seen in the distance. At five the trip was ended and *Fulton's Folly* was safe at her dock.

The first long journey by a steamboat had been made. After a short stay at the old Dutch city the *Clermont* began her trip home. No longer was she *Fulton's Folly*. Robert Fulton had proved that steam would move a boat through the water.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What was *Fulton's Folly*? What was its right name? In what year was it built?
2. Did the people of New York think that Fulton's steamboat would reach Albany?
3. Tell what you can about this boat.
4. Where was Fulton's first stop after starting the second time?
5. Did the boat finally reach Albany? How long did it take?
6. Why was this trip important?

THE POET OF CHELSEA

MANY years ago there were several little villages on Manhattan Island north of Canal Street. The city itself was still very small. On the west side, Greenwich Village was nearest the city, and the crooked roads of the village may even now be noticed in the crooked streets. Just north of Greenwich lay the tiny village of Chelsea.

Not far from the Hudson River, as late as the year 1862, the boatmen could see the fine old mansion of the Moore family. It stood west of what is today the corner of Twenty-third Street and Ninth Avenue.

In the days when Washington was leading our army a good old lady lived in Chelsea. Her name was Molly Clarke. She was the widow of the sea captain who had built her house and given the village its name. His home in England was Chelsea, and it was therefore only natural that he should call his new home by the same name.

When the colonies fought their king, the Widow Clarke was not on their side. It is said that she and her family were more than once annoyed by the American soldiers. One day a horseman was seen galloping along toward the Clarke house. Who could it be? The man appeared to be a soldier of high rank. To the surprise of everybody it was General Washington himself. He had come to tell Mrs.

Clarke that his soldiers would no longer bother Chelsea and her people. The story may not be true, but we feel that the great man might have made the trip.

Years passed away in the old house in Chelsea. The war came to an end, and peace was welcomed by all. After a time the old lady died and her big house became the home of her grandson. His name was Clement Clarke Moore. Professor Moore was a teacher in a school that is still on Ninth Avenue. This school is called a seminary. It stands on the block between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets. It is only there and in the yards of some of the houses near-by that we may see today the ancient green of Chelsea Village.

Now we should not be so much interested in Chelsea if Clement C. Moore had not loved little children. One year at Christmas time as the snow covered all the fields and housetops, the teacher sat in his study thinking of Santa Claus and his tiny reindeer. It was then that Dr. Moore wrote the poem that will always be remembered by boys and girls. Young and old alike have enjoyed it.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name:
“Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer,* now, *Prancer* and
Vixen!
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he look'd like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.”

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where was the village of Chelsea?
2. Who was Molly Clarke? What did her husband do?
Why did he call the village Chelsea?
3. Was Molly Clarke on the side of the Colonies during the War of Independence?
4. Who was Clement C. Moore? What did he do?
5. What famous Christmas poem did Clement C. Moore write?
6. How much of this poem can you recite?

THE STORY OF SAMUEL MORSE

ON May 24 in the year 1844 the first words were sent over a wire between two American cities, Washington and Baltimore. A young lady had chosen the words from the Bible. They were: "What hath God wrought," that is, what a wonderful thing God has shown to men.

The words which were sent over the first telegraph wire seemed very true. Samuel Morse had found a wonderful new means of sending words from one place to another. He had used an idea which had come to him. He had studied and worked at it until he succeeded.

Twenty years before this Morse was a painter of pictures. In his room in a house on lower Broadway he had drawn the pictures of Lafayette and other famous men. Then he went to Europe. After spending some time away from America Morse sailed for home. It was while on the ocean that he learned how an electric spark could travel over a wire. He thought of it a great deal and planned to give the idea much of his time.

At the corner of Nassau and Beekman Streets Morse's brothers helped him fit up a room where he might work. There he painted pictures, ate his meals, slept at night, and worked over his invention.

Samuel Morse also became a teacher in New York University. After his teaching hours were over he used to work at his machine which he was making better every year. His classroom was in the old building that stood on the east side of Washington Square at Waverly Place. It was there that he was first able to send messages back and forth over a wire.

Although he had made the wire carry the words, it was hard to make other people believe that he had done a wonderful thing. After many years of worry and trouble Samuel Morse was finally successful. He had made possible many things that we know today. Railroads use the telegraph to help run their trains on time. News of what is happening all over the world is sent to the daily papers over hundreds of wires.

In his old age the great inventor lived in West Twenty-second Street not far from Fifth Avenue. The house was Number 5. It was torn down only a few years ago. It was there that Samuel Morse died in the year 1872. Only a short time before his death the people placed his statue in Central Park near the Fifth Avenue entrance at Seventy-second Street. Morse was present when it was unveiled. The happiest moment of his life had come at last.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. When was the first telegraph message sent between two cities? What were the cities?
2. Why is the invention of the telegraph important? How do we use it today?
3. Where is the statue of Samuel Morse?
4. Why should all of us try to be successful?

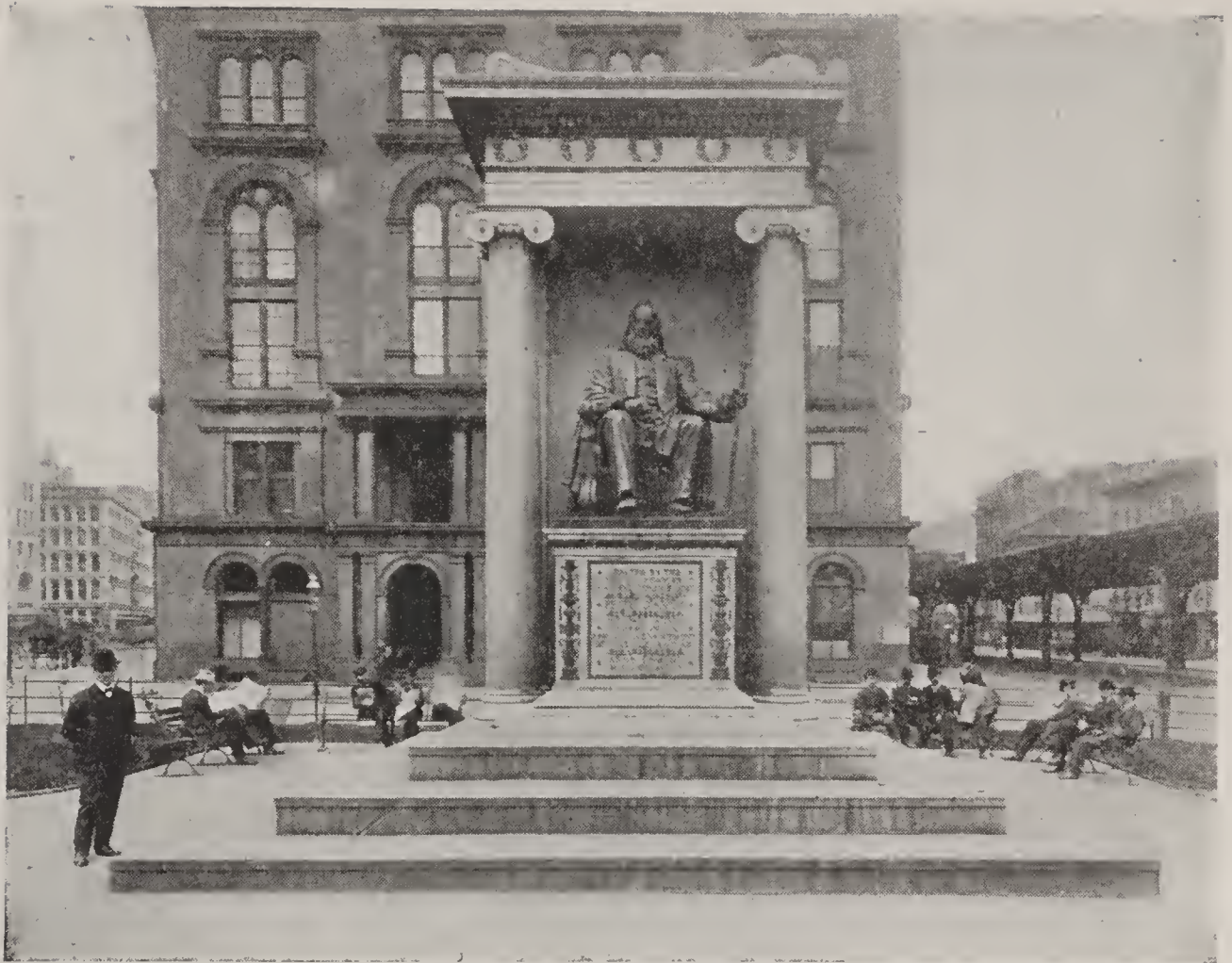
THE STORY OF PETER COOPER

AMONG the men who have done a great deal for the people of New York, we should remember Peter Cooper. He was born in the city which, in later life, he helped so much.

As a poor boy, Peter Cooper was able to go to school for only a short time. Most of his early years were spent in assisting his father who made hats for a while and then bricks and other things. At the age of seventeen young Cooper began learning the trade of carriage building.

Peter Cooper was soon ambitious to start a business of his own. After working in a number of places he built a glue factory in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn. This remained his business for more than fifty years. Although his work kept him very busy, he found time to think about the welfare of his workmen. On Maspeth Avenue, opposite what is now called Cooper Park, he erected a row of dwelling houses for his men.

Besides the making of glue Peter Cooper was interested in the making of iron and wire goods. In the year 1830 he placed the first American engine on railroad tracks. For many years he was eager to have a long wire or cable under the ocean to connect



STATUE OF PETER COOPER

America and Europe. In this way it would be possible to send messages under the water just as Samuel Morse sent them by wire over the land.

Peter Cooper, remembering the little schooling he himself had had, was always trying to help the boys and girls of New York. He served as a member of the Board of Education and wished to see more public schools built. His greatest service was the building of Cooper Union which still stands at Eighth Street and Fourth Avenue. Evening as well as day classes were opened for working people. Young men and women were admitted free.

Thousands of people have been taught in Cooper Union since it began its work more than sixty years

ago. Many more have received benefit from the public lectures and meetings that have helped make it famous all over the country.

It was only right that a statue of Peter Cooper should be erected in the little park south of the building he gave to the people of the city.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Was Peter Cooper able to go to school for a long time?
2. What did he do at first?
3. What kind of factory did he build? Where? Was he interested in other things too?
4. How did he help educate the people of New York?
5. Where is Cooper Union? What is it used for?
6. Where is the statue of Peter Cooper?

THE MAN WHO WROTE *HOME, SWEET HOME*

A VERY famous theatre once stood on Park Row opposite City Hall Park. It was square in shape and had a great many windows. There were several tall lamp-posts in front of it. A few steps led to the high, narrow doorways through which people used to pass many, many years ago. At one time a young actor was playing in the Park Theatre. Everybody was eager to see him. His name was John Howard Payne. Today he is remembered not as an actor but as the writer of one of our best known songs.

Young Payne was a New York boy. He was born in Pearl Street but spent most of his boyhood in a little village on Long Island. There his father was a teacher, and there the boy learned the value of a good home.

When John Howard Payne grew to manhood, he sailed for Europe and saw beautiful houses and lovely places in other lands. He met many people in famous cities of the Old World. But there was one little house that he never forgot. It was the cottage of his boyhood days at East Hampton.

One evening the young man was in his room in

London, the largest city in the world. He was writing a play for an English theatre. He had very little money in his pockets and was poorly clad and lonely. As he sat in his room thinking, he seemed to see in his mind a little thatched cottage on Long Island. It was the home of his childhood. All the pleasures of early days came back to him. He was once more, it seemed, living in the fields and enjoying the singing of the birds. He gazed at the moon and felt that his mother was thinking of him. He fancied that he saw her sitting at the old cottage door.

As these thoughts passed through his mind, John Howard Payne wrote the song that all the world remembers. It is the only thing he ever did that most people know. It is called, *Home, Sweet Home*. Its words are so true that it will never die.

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm through the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,

As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me
no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them and that peace of mind dearer than all.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where was John Howard Payne born?
2. Where did he spend his boyhood days?
3. Who wrote *Home, Sweet Home*?
4. Where was he when he wrote it?
5. Why is this song famous?

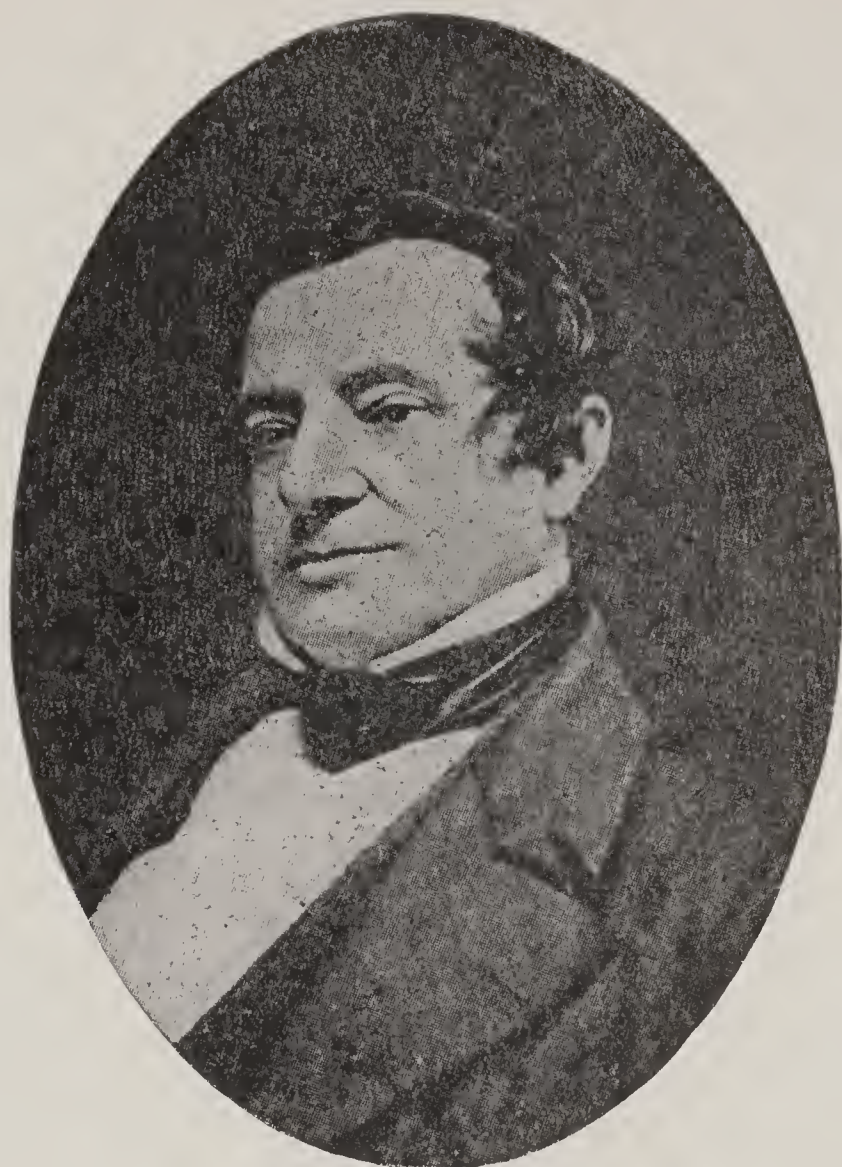
HOW IRVING PLACE GOT ITS NAME

ON the corner of Irving Place and Seventeenth Street is a yellow brick house three stories high. If we had been passing this house many years ago, we might have noticed a gentleman sitting on the balcony. It was Washington Irving who once lived in this old house. He is one of our best known American writers. The large high school, which now bears his name, was not across the street at that time.

While Washington Irving occupied the house on Irving Place, he planned to write the story of George Washington. He had always liked that name. When he was a little boy he had seen the great American. He was a lad of six years when Washington was made President of the United States. His parents liked George Washington so much that they gave his name to their son.

The people of New York loved Washington Irving, and Washington Irving loved New York and its people. As a boy he had played on the city's streets. He was born in William Street and went to school in Ann Street. That part of the city was then called Golden Hill.

Many a day the boy wandered to the river front to watch the ships sail out to sea. If he could have



WASHINGTON IRVING

done so, he would have visited other lands. But that he was unable to do, for his father had died and his mother and brothers wished him to stay at school.

For a number of years Irving lived in New York. Although his health had not been very good, he was able to become a famous writer. As we walk down Broadway today, we may pass several places which Irving knew very well. At one time he lived at Number 16 Broadway. At another time he made his home in a small brick house at the corner of Greenwich and Rector Streets. It was in one of these houses that

Irving wrote the story of the time when the Dutch flag waved over Fort Amsterdam near Bowling Green.

As his health did not improve, the boy, who had watched the ships sail away, after a few years set sail himself. He thought that the trip would make him feel better. His brothers also believed that it would. Everywhere he went Washington Irving saw many things to please him. Some of these things he wrote about in his books.

On one of his trips across the ocean Irving went to a country called Spain. It was from Spain that Columbus had sailed. Irving was so much interested in Columbus and the discovery of America that he wrote the story of the great sailor.

In England the traveler was glad to spend his days in the quiet country villages. Within a short time another book came from his pen, telling of the things he had seen, and making known the places he had visited.

After one of his long journeys in the Old World Irving sailed home for the last time. His friends were very happy to see him once more. A number of them gathered to greet him and ask about his travels. In those days the City Hotel was a famous stopping place for visitors to New York. It stood not far from Wall Street. It was there that Irving met his friends.

Let us now think of the large house that stands in East River Park at Eighty-eighth Street. It overlooks the river and does not seem so old as it really is. Close by are tall trees whose shade is enjoyed

today as it was long ago by Washington Irving. Irving had friends living in the big house on the hill near the river, and liked to visit them. Years afterward the city made a park of the grounds where the Gracie Mansion stands. Archibald Gracie, its owner, was a wealthy business man a century ago.

Washington Irving had another favorite place to visit. From boyhood he had loved the beautiful Hudson River. Whenever he had the time, he liked to climb the hills of Manhattan Island and look out upon the water. As a young man he had even journeyed farther to see the river and to tramp through the country north of the city. It was about thirty miles up the Hudson River that Irving finally bought a house where he lived during the remaining years of his life. He called his home Sunnyside. It was a good name for Irving liked sunny days, sunny places, and sunny people.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where was Washington Irving born?
2. Where did he live?
3. Why did Irving go to Europe?
4. Name three things about which Irving wrote.
5. Where did Irving live during his later life?
6. What did he call his home?

THE STORY OF A LOVER OF BIRDS

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON is a name that everybody should remember. All who love birds should know his story. During his long life Audubon traveled through the woods of America to see the birds as they were living in the trees or at the water's edge.

We read of the long trips of this lover of our feathered friends and wonder that he could be so patient. No danger seemed too great. No forest was too dense. With his gun on his shoulder Audubon tramped for miles and miles. He tells us that he had to meet with cold and heat, with storm and flood, but he did not stop until he had drawn the pictures of a thousand "inhabitants of the air."

Years of work and trouble seemed ended when Audubon left his drawings with a friend. Several months passed, and then the lover of birds returned to receive the wooden box in which his pictures had been placed. Upon opening the box he found that rats had eaten his drawings. Only *he* knew what that meant. All the work must be done again.

"I slept not for several nights," Audubon afterwards wrote. The terrible loss of all that he had done was almost too heavy to bear. But John James Audubon was a brave man who did not believe that

he should give up. "I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils," he tells us, "and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make much better drawings than before." Do you think that you could have done this?

Within three years Audubon once more had finished one of his best books. He called it *The Birds of America*. Besides the beautiful pictures of all kinds of birds in every part of our country the painter wrote many pages of stories about his life in the woods and the habits of birds and four-footed animals.

Among the birds that he saw and loved Audubon liked the wood-thrush best of all. This bird was to Audubon "the greatest favorite of the feathered tribes." Its beautiful song cheered him when he was lonely. "Often," he writes, "have I blessed the Being who formed the wood-thrush."

There was another bird that Audubon liked to watch. It was the eagle: the bird that flies so high that it is sometimes difficult to see him. One kind of eagle he named the "bird of Washington." Why do you suppose he gave it that name? Audubon himself said: "He was brave, so is the eagle. If America has reason to be proud of her Washington, so has she to be proud of her Great Eagle."

New York was the last home of this great lover of birds. His house still stands at Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street. From its porch he could see far up and down the Hudson River. About his house were green fields and beau-



“THE BIRD OF WASHINGTON”

tiful hills. When he died, his body was laid to rest in Trinity Church Cemetery not far from where he spent the last years of his life. A tall stone marks his grave. Upon it have been placed these words:

O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord
O all ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. How did Audubon spend his life?
2. What happened to his first drawings? Was he discouraged? What did he do?
3. What bird did Audubon love best of all? Why?
4. Why did he call the eagle the “bird of Washington”?
5. Where was Audubon’s last home?
6. Where is he buried?

A WEAK LITTLE BOY WHO BECAME PRESIDENT

ON October 27, 1858, a little boy was born at Number 28 East 20th Street in Manhattan. His name was Theodore Roosevelt. The house is still standing. It will be kept forever in memory of the boy who later became President of the United States.

With his brother and sisters young Theodore enjoyed his early days, although he was too weak to play as other boys did. He exercised every day to make himself stronger and spent many hours reading books. He was fond of nature stories and liked to collect birds and animals of different kinds.

After he had graduated from Harvard College, he went to Albany to help rule the great State of New York. He then traveled to the Far West where he lived among the cowboys, rode on swift horses, and looked after his cattle. Theodore Roosevelt spent two years in this way. Though he was very busy, he had time to study and write books.

The young man returned to New York and did his best to make it a better city. Then, in the year 1898, our country needed him. For many years Spain had not been treating Cuba as she should have done. The United States was not pleased. Finally there was war. Roosevelt entered the army and became the commander of a number of young men. His "Rough



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Riders," as they were called, were famous and helped Cuba win her freedom just as the great Frenchman, Lafayette, helped us in the year 1776.

When the War with Spain was over and Cuba was a free country, Colonel Roosevelt was made Governor of New York State. In September of the year 1901, while he was Vice-President of the United States, the President, William McKinley, was shot at the city of Buffalo. When Roosevelt heard that the President was dying, he was far away in the mountains. By riding fast throughout the dark night he was able to arrive at Buffalo on the following day. It was on September 14 that he became President of the United States.

Many great men visited President Roosevelt at

the White House. On his travels he spoke to thousands of Americans in most of the cities of the United States.

After more than seven years as President, Roosevelt went to Africa to hunt wild animals. Later he made a trip through South America and found a river that white men had not known before.

When our country was once more at war, in the years 1917 and 1918, Theodore Roosevelt wished to help and did everything he could to bring victory and peace. Through all the long months of fighting the former President wrote and spoke to cheer our people.

During the last year or two of his life the great American was not well. Before daylight on January 6, 1919, he died in the city where he was born. All people were saddened by his death for they knew that America had lost one of her greatest men. Boys and girls should remember Theodore Roosevelt. He loved them as he loved his country. He fought for the right and gave his best to help all men.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where was Roosevelt born? Is the house still standing?
2. Was he a strong boy? What did he like to do?
3. What did he do in the West?
4. What did Roosevelt do during the War with Spain?
5. How did he become President of the United States?
6. What did he do as President?
7. What did he find in South America?
8. When did he die? Why should we remember him?

A LITTLE GIRL WHO BECAME THE WRITER OF A FAMOUS SONG

NEW YORK was a very small city in the year 1819. Marketfield Street was even then old and just as short as it has always been ; in fact, it was one of the Dutch lanes. Its name tells us part of its story.

In the days when the English ruled the city, the narrow little street was called Petticoat Lane. Nobody knows why it was called this, but perhaps it was a shopping place for the ladies. We shall have to look sharply if we wish to see it, for it is tucked away between Stone and Beaver Streets, just west of Broad Street.

It was in Marketfield Street, in the month of May of the year 1819, that a little girl was born. She was named Julia Ward and was the daughter of Samuel and Julia Ward whose people had fought in the War of Independence. When the child was only four years old, her mother died. Her father had already bought a big house near Bowling Green, but now the family moved once more, this time to Bond Street. It was in a house that used to stand on the corner of Bond Street and Broadway that Julia Ward spent most of her earliest years.

Father, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles,

books and kind friends, were the young girl's companions. She loved poetry and music and beautiful pictures. Her father helped her in every way. She studied hard, and, when she was only sixteen years old, wrote her first poem. While it was not a great piece of work, it showed that some day a better one would come from her pen.

Among the friends of the Ward family were many noted men and women. One of them was a young doctor named Samuel G. Howe. Dr. Howe was interested in a number of things besides curing the sick. When the people of Greece fought for their liberty, as we had done in the days of 1776, Dr. Howe left America to care for wounded soldiers in the hospitals. Later, he helped the people of Poland in their troubles.

The greatest work that Dr. Howe did, however, was for men and women who were blind. He taught one little girl who was both deaf and blind, to read, write, and do other useful things. He built a school for the teaching of the blind. He also studied how to make books with raised letters so that a person, who was unable to see, might feel and read in this way. It was to his famous school in the city of Boston that the young doctor brought his bride, Julia Ward.

Through the many years that followed their marriage, Dr. and Mrs. Howe were interested in one good work after another. The blind, the deaf, the sick, the suffering, in time of peace and in time of war, were helped by these good persons. When the terrible war between the states broke out in the year 1861, they

did all they could to help free the slaves and save the Union. It was in November of the first year of the Civil War that Julia Ward Howe wrote the poem that has made her name known all over the world.

In the beautiful story of this good lady's life, which her daughters have written, we may read how she came to write the famous song. She had been watching soldiers march in Washington, the nation's capital city. A friend thought that she could write a few lines in their honor, and told her so. At first she did not believe that she could do this, but, "waking in the gray of the next morning, as she lay waiting for the dawn, the words came to her: 'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.' " This became the first line of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

We shall never know how many of our soldiers were cheered by the song which Julia Ward Howe wrote in those early hours, so long ago. In the hospitals and at the camp-fires, men heard and sang the stirring words. Within a few years they were on the lips of her countrymen in every part of the land.

Julia Ward Howe lived to be a very old lady and died beloved and honored by all in October of the year 1910. Before she died, her song was known wherever our language is read and spoken. Whenever she appeared, her words were sung if it were possible to do so. The following are among the most beautiful lines:

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where was Julia Ward Howe born?
2. Where did she spend her girlhood? Who were her friends?
3. Who was Dr. Howe? What was he interested in? Whom did he help?
4. Where did Dr. and Mrs. Howe live?
5. What song did Julia Ward Howe write? How did she come to write it?

A TROLLEY RIDE UP BROADWAY

ONE of the longest streets in the United States is Broadway. It is also one of the most famous. While it is not so wide as some other streets in New York, Broadway was in early times just what its name tells us. If we wished to do so, we might travel along Broadway from the Battery to Albany. For a great part of this distance it is called the Post Road. Perhaps if we think of the place where letters are stamped, we can learn why it was called a Post Road.

Let us take a trolley-car on some clear afternoon. We shall start at Battery Park and very soon pass Bowling Green, the oldest park in the city. The iron railing is still standing where it was in the days of 1776, but its lead ornaments are gone. They were removed when the Americans pulled down the statue of their king, George III, to make bullets for the soldiers in the war for freedom.

As we ride by, flags of many countries may be noticed on the windows of some of the tall buildings. These show us the ticket offices of steamship companies. For many, many years, this has been the part of the city where much of the business of foreign trade has been carried on. If we walked along the Hudson River water front, we should see the piers of



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“THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN NEW YORK”

the big ocean-going ships. New York is the greatest port in our country. Its harbor is one of the largest and best and extends from Sandy Hook to Manhattan Island. The water in the two bays is deep enough for the biggest vessels. More people and more goods come through this harbor than through any other in the country.

After we leave Wall Street, we see on our left, only a few blocks away, two of the very tallest buildings to be found anywhere. One of these is called the Singer Building; the other, the Woolworth Building. Can you tell why? The Woolworth Building is also one of the most beautiful in New York. The view from the platform at the top is one to be remembered always.

We pass Trinity Church and St. Paul's which we may read about in other parts of this book. We are soon hurried past City Hall Park and, within a few minutes, if we are not delayed, we reach a turn in the street. A large dry-goods store is on the corner, and beautiful Grace Church is across the street. Cooper Union is just one block east on Eighth Street. A true friend of New York, Peter Cooper, built this school many years ago. It is free to all young men and women.

Our trolley-car conductor has pulled the bell, and we are off again after a brief stop to let people out and in. Union Square is now in sight. During the World War there was a big, wooden model of a battleship on the southern lawn of the park. Sailor lads were at hand to show what it is like to live aboard a warship of the United States Navy. Many young men joined the navy at this place.

"What statue is that?" asks an elderly lady who has come to New York from some city far away.

"It is the statue of Abraham Lincoln," politely answers a small boy sitting on the end-seat near her. "On the other side of the park is the statue of George Washington on horseback, and a few feet away is one of Lafayette, the Frenchman who helped America win her freedom."

"Thank you, my boy," replies the lady, "I am glad you know so much about your city and also about your country's great men."

At Twenty-third Street, our car turns east toward Madison Square. We shall ask the conductor to stop, for we shall change cars here. In a minute or two,

we are again riding up Broadway, but our car is not like the one we have just left. It is a low stepless car. Can you tell why it has this name?

“What a busy street Broadway is!” says a gentleman to his friend. “I thought we should soon be in the country. Where I live it takes only a few minutes to go from the center of the town to fields and trees.”

“No, we shall not see the country for many miles more. We have been passing through one of the city’s wholesale districts, as you have noticed from the signs on the windows and above the doors. Now we



BROADWAY IN 1850 LOOKING SOUTH FROM CITY HALL

are near the great retail district. A large dry-goods store is on the northwest corner of Thirty-fourth Street, and on the street running east are others. Many more are on Fifth Avenue. One block west is another very busy place. It is the big station of the Pennsylvania Railroad which comes under the Hudson River in a long tunnel from New Jersey."

After crossing Sixth Avenue we pass on swiftly to Forty-second Street and shall soon be in the automobile district. This extends for about two miles. Let us not forget to notice the tall Times Building which is owned by a well-known New York morning newspaper. Many of the city's theatres and hotels are also in this part of Manhattan.

At Forty-second Street we change to a big red trolley-car. This will take us in a few minutes to Columbus Circle. Central Park is now on our right. If we look carefully, we shall be able to catch the name on the monument in the center of the circle. On top is the statue of the man who discovered America.

We find one thing after another to interest us on our trip up Broadway. Several avenues must yet be crossed before our car stops at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street where Columbia University stands. We shall then be on famous ground, for it was there, on what used to be called Harlem Plains, that American soldiers fought for liberty.

Within less than a mile we shall see the river's bank and the ferry at One Hundred and Thirtieth Street. Our car will stop at the subway station, and it is there that we shall get off. If we had time, we

should like to take a ferry-boat to see where so many people are going.

“Everybody seems to be in a hurry, uptown as well as downtown,” some one remarks as we stand looking about us.

“It does seem so, doesn’t it? You see, this is one of the uptown ferries to New Jersey. These people have just finished their day’s work and are on their way home. Some day, there will be a bridge across the Hudson and more ferries, too. Then, perhaps, it will be easier to go from home to business than it is now.”

“By the way, it is time we started back ourselves, don’t you think so? It is too bad we didn’t start earlier for now we shall take the seats of persons who have been working all day while we have been enjoying ourselves.”

“I’ll stand up,” says little Billy who has just had his fifth birthday party. “Some lady may take my seat.” All the other boys then say the same thing, and, with this thought in mind, we move quickly to the subway platform.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where does the ride start? Name the first thing we see.
2. What famous church do we pass? What famous street?
3. What else do we pass before we see Union Square?
4. Tell all you know about this park.
5. What may be seen in and near Forty-second Street?
6. What park is near Columbus Circle? Who was Columbus?
7. Where is Columbia University?
8. Where does our trip end? Who are the people whom we see?

EIGHT MILES ON A BUS

WE had been standing waiting our turn at the curb in Washington Square. We were eager to start on our trip, for it seemed a long time since we had arrived by trolley from our homes.

“There is bus Number 3,” said a lady who had been waiting, too.

“That’s the bus we want,” said Miss Jones, our teacher. “It will take us up Fifth Avenue as far as One Hundred and Tenth Street, then it will turn west, and then north until it reaches Broadway at One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street. We shall ride as far as it goes.”

In a minute or two after we had mounted the narrow, winding stairway to the top, the conductor gave the signal, and we were off for a delightful trip on one of New York’s greatest avenues.

“What a beautiful arch that is!” remarked Robert, as he leaned over toward William who was sitting nearer the railing. William always liked that place for he could look down at the street and the people walking to and fro. It seemed dangerous, too, when the bus made a sudden turn.

“Yes, that is a beautiful arch,” said the teacher, quietly. “It was erected by the people to honor Washington one hundred years after he became first President of the United States. When we have gone



Photo by Brown Bros.

THE BUS WILL TAKE US UP FIFTH AVENUE

under the arch, look back quickly to see the two tall statues of the Father of his Country.”

We shall not have time to mention all of the interesting places on the avenue. As we were passing along, we noticed the wide streets that cross the city here and there. The first is Fourteenth Street, the next is Twenty-third where Broadway crosses Fifth Avenue.

“What park is that, please?” an old gentleman asked a friend who was sitting at his side.

“It is Madison Square,” was the reply. “New York has a number of small parks as well as several

large ones. There are two statues of famous Americans on the Fifth Avenue side of this park. One is erected to the memory of William H. Seward. The other is in honor of Admiral Farragut. Both of these great men helped Abraham Lincoln during the long Civil War of 1861 to 1865. Seward Park and Farragut Square bear their names today. On the Madison Avenue side of the park you may see the beautiful Metropolitan Tower with its big clock and lovely chimes. Two blocks north is the famous tower of Madison Square Garden where the circus is held every spring."

As we passed the park, we saw the Worth Monument on our left. General Worth was a soldier in the War with Mexico, which our country fought and won more than seventy years ago.

Very soon the big bus stopped at Thirty-fourth Street. The signal lights in the tower had turned green; the policeman had raised his hand. How many persons were crossing the avenue! We tried to count them but could not. The crowd was too great. We were now in the shopping district. The large dry-goods stores on both sides attracted us as much as they did the ladies on the sidewalk.

"Well, well, the New York Public Library! I'm very glad to see it. I've heard a great deal about it," said a gentleman with a long white beard. He was sitting in the seat just behind the two boys. "What a beautiful building it is! It extends from Fortieth to Forty-second Streets. Thousands and thousands of books are in it, I believe."

At Forty-second Street we saw one of the busiest



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“WE NOTICED THE NEW BRONZE TOWER”

corners in the whole city. A block away, to the east, is the Grand Central Terminal of the New York Central Railroad. Through this station men and women

pass to and from the cities and states of the whole country.

We were stopped again by the signals and the policeman. Then the lights became red but soon turned yellow. As we moved on, we noticed the new bronze tower and heard the clock strike the hour.

Before we reached Central Park at Fifty-ninth Street, we saw a few mansions which are all that remain of a great number that stood in days gone by. Lower Fifth Avenue was once famous for its dwelling places, but most of them have given way to business houses in our time.

On our trip up the avenue we had noticed the steeples of several fine churches. There are three or four more above Forty-second Street. One block north is Temple Emanu-El. At Fiftieth Street are the tall towers of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and at Fifty-third is St. Thomas's Church.

Within a few minutes our eyes caught a glimpse of the green of Central Park. This is the largest park in Manhattan and is known all over the world for its beautiful drives and lawns. There are several lakes, too. On one of them, boys and girls may sail their small boats.

As we passed up the east side of Central Park we noticed Temple Beth-El and the Museum of Art. We remembered that American soldiers once marched across the meadows near McGown's Pass. West of the small lake is the Blockhouse overlooking Seventh Avenue near One Hundred and Tenth Street. It was built to protect the city more than one hundred years ago.

Our bus turned to the left from Fifth Avenue and sped quickly to Morningside Park.

As we rounded the corner under the elevated railroad, the park came into view. On the hill above is the new but not yet finished Cathedral of St. John the Divine. A little more than a mile farther are several beautiful buildings on another hilltop. They are The College of The City of New York, which is a free college for young men. At Sixty-eighth Street and Park Avenue is Hunter College, which is free for young women.

It was not long before we turned from St. Nicholas Avenue and then stopped at One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street.

Our eight miles on the bus had been most interesting. All of us said that we should like to take the same trip again some time.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where does the bus start? Under what arch does it pass?
2. Name three important streets that are crossed before we stop at Forty-second Street. What park do we pass?
3. Where is the dry-goods district?
4. Name two railroad stations?
5. Where is the New York Public Library?
6. Who stops us on the way up the Avenue? Tell about the signal tower.
7. How has Fifth Avenue changed in recent years?
8. Name several churches on the Avenue.
9. Where do we turn west? What have we seen since we crossed Fifty-ninth Street? What stands on the hill in Morningside Park?
10. Name New York's two free colleges. Where are they?

RIVERSIDE DRIVE BY NIGHT

ONE of the most beautiful trips in New York is a ride on a bus at night along Riverside Drive from Seventy-second Street to Grant's Tomb. This is a good way to see the great city after working hours are over for most people.

We shall step aboard one of the big green automobiles and go to the outside seats. The evening is clear. Other persons have had the same thought as we, for the bus has many passengers both inside and on top. A little later it might have been too late to get a seat very easily.

Above our heads the stars are twinkling, twinkling, twinkling. How wonderful they are as they shine so far, far away! The lovely light of the friendly moon will soon be softly shining on the broad waters of the Hudson. The noble river may be seen in the distance between the trees. It has many a good story to tell, and some day we shall want to hear every one. Washington Irving, who was born in New York, wrote a number of stories about the river and the country along its banks. His name may be seen on a large steamboat which makes daily trips to or from Albany.

It has seemed only a few minutes since we started.

Not far away is the dim shadow of something tall. It is the white marble monument erected to the memory of the soldiers and sailors who fought and died to free the slaves and keep the United States one great country. That was the time of the Civil War from the year 1861 to the year 1865.

At One Hundredth Street, on the right, is the beautiful stone monument in memory of the heroic firemen who have served the people of the city so faithfully.

One by one the lights have been coming out across the river and along the Drive. Now and then we have heard the splash of the water as the side-wheels of some steamboat have turned quickly around. Automobiles have whizzed by us with their big lamps glaring ahead of them. Looking carefully, we notice that there are people sitting on the benches and enjoying the cool breezes from the river.

Before we know it, we shall see the monument which the people built, more than twenty-five years ago, as the last resting place of General Grant. During the year thousands of visitors enter this tomb. They come from all over the world to honor the man who, though born a poor boy, rose to the highest place in the army while Abraham Lincoln was President. They remember, too, that the great general became President of the United States, and lived in the White House for eight years.

Not far from Grant's Tomb is the grave of a little boy who died more than one hundred twenty-five years ago. When the city planned beautiful Riverside Drive, the spot was kept and has been cared for



“THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF GENERAL GRANT”

ever since. In the daytime the small stone monument may be seen within an iron railing close to the west sidewalk.

North of the Tomb, on a high lawn, is one of the oldest buildings in New York. It is the Claremont where many persons stop to dine and enjoy the fine views of the river.

Our trip is now ended and the big bus stops to let us off. It is a place that all should visit. By day and by night the river, the sky, and the Drive itself make a picture that we shall not soon forget.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where do we start? What kind of evening is it?
2. What monuments do we see? Why were they erected?
3. What tomb is on Riverside Drive? Why was it erected?
4. Tell about the view of the river at the place where our trip ends.

SIX INTERESTING BUILDINGS

IF we were asked to name six interesting buildings in New York, we should find it very hard to do so. There are so many that we might mention. No two persons would make the same list, for some would choose one kind of building, and some, another. The buildings which we are going to read about are among the most important as well as the most interesting in the city. Every boy and girl should visit them.

I THE MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

In November of the year 1922 the people of New York were invited to view, for the first time, the collection of the newest museum in the city. It is one of a group of museums on Broadway between One Hundred and Fifty-fifth and One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Streets. Let us enter the Museum of the American Indian. It is open every day. All are welcome; there is no charge.

In tall glass cases on the main floor we see the way the red men like to dress. In one case is a white suit of rabbit's fur for an Indian child. It looks very warm and comfortable. In other cases are shawls and blankets made of wool or skins of animals. In

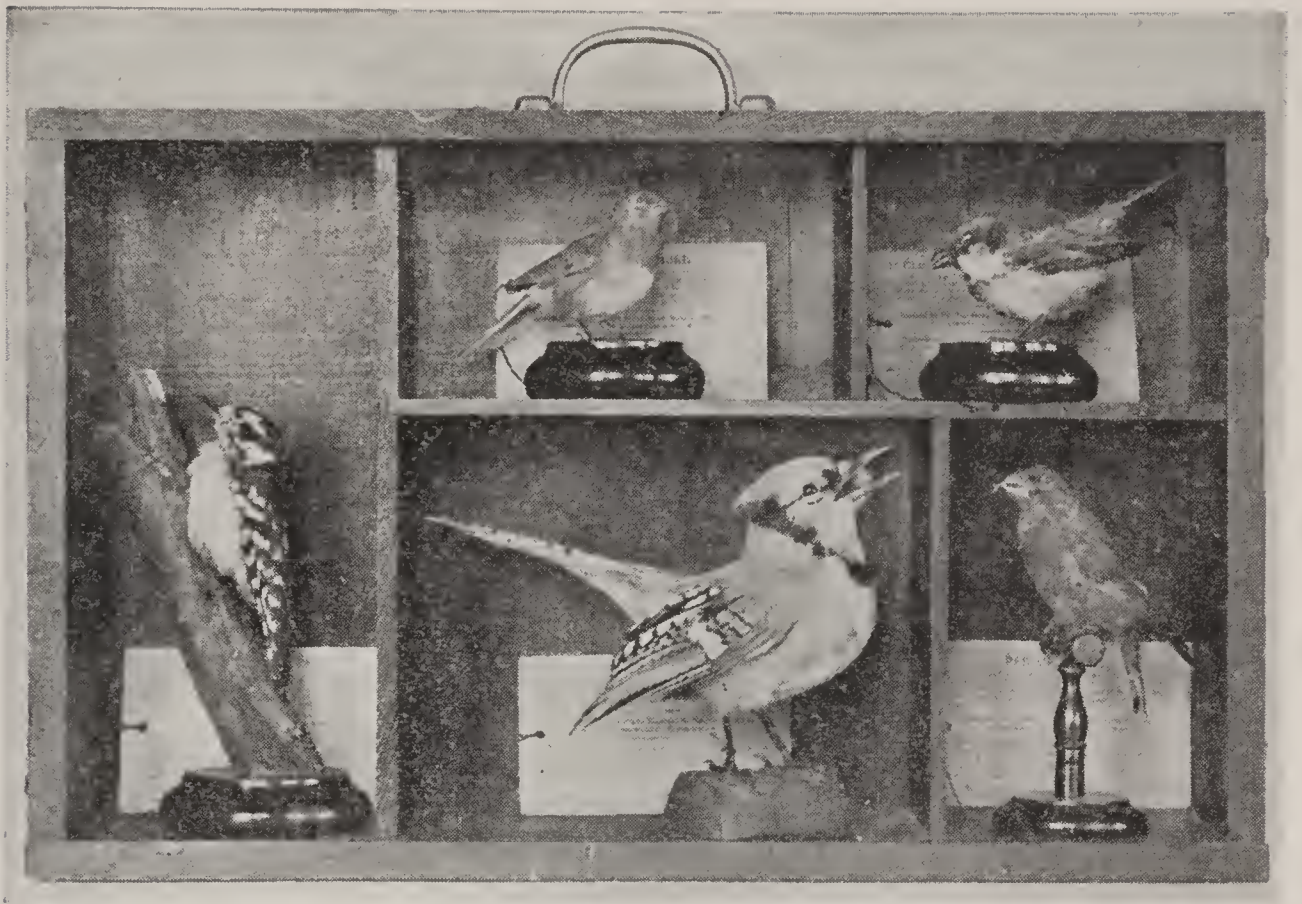
the halls are tall wooden statues of black wood. Upstairs are water jars, bows and arrows, sharp stone and metal tools, and a number of boats. Among the largest of these is one which Indians use in whale-hunting on the Pacific Ocean.

Before leaving the museum we should look at the model of Indian huts near the doorway. It shows us how the red men who used to live on Manhattan Island spent their days. One man is cutting out his canoe to sail on the creek not far away. Another man is building a hut for his family, while two more are carrying a basket of fresh fish. Close by a fire-place is an Indian squaw who is pounding corn. The old rock-shelters of the red men may still be seen at Inwood near Spuyten Duyvil Creek.

II THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

More than fifty years ago, a number of citizens thought that there should be a place where stuffed birds and other animals might be kept on view for all people. They said that they would pay some of the cost if the city would help, too. In this way, one of New York's greatest museums was founded. To-day, it has a beautiful home in Manhattan Square between Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first Streets. On the east is Central Park; on the west, Columbus Avenue. Only part of the museum has been erected. There will soon be a children's building and one or two others. The museum is open and free every day in the year.

Among the many, many things to see, we should



American Museum of Natural History

“THE MUSEUM IS GLAD TO LEND SOME OF ITS COLLECTIONS TO THE SCHOOLS OF THE CITY”

mention the wonderful groups of beautiful birds. As we look at them, we seem to feel that they are about to sing to us or to fly away. We soon learn how these feathered friends live in their homes all over the world.

Besides the birds, there are elephants, lions, tigers, monkeys, and other animals from far and near. Specimens of trees of every kind, and pretty shells large and small are on view. There is a very good Indian collection, too. In a tall glass case in the hallway is one of the sleds that carried Peary to the North Pole. In another case is one of the sleds that took Amundsen to the South Pole.

It would be a long story if we were to tell all of what we may see in the American Museum of Natural

History, but we must not forget to name one or two things more. Not only is the museum open and free to all but it is glad to lend some of its collections to the schools of the city. Thousands of lantern slides may also be borrowed. During the year, talks on many subjects are given in the large hall.

III THE MUSEUM OF ART

Any one who has traveled on a bus up Fifth Avenue above Fifty-ninth Street must have noticed the beautiful buildings of the Museum of Art in Central Park. The main entrance is opposite Eighty-second Street. This museum is more than fifty years old and is one of the greatest in the world. It is not easy to tell its story in a few words. Everybody should visit it and spend an hour or two in its wonderful halls.

Statues and pictures, fine laces, and musical instruments of all lands are on view. There are also



THE MUSEUM OF ART

models of famous buildings of long ago and now. Some of the things in the glass cases could not be bought at any price. No copies of many of them may be found anywhere in the world. There is also a large collection of lantern slides which may be borrowed by the schools. Every week during the greater part of the year a story-hour is held for children and is free to all.

The Museum of Art is open without charge except on Monday and Friday.

IV THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

On Eastern Parkway, near Prospect Park, in the Borough of Brooklyn, is a museum which is very much like Manhattan's two big museums. It is called the Institute of Arts and Sciences. It is open free to all on week days, except Monday and Tuesday. Besides its valuable collections of art and nature, the Institute is famous for its public lectures.

Some distance from the main building is the Children's Museum in Bedford Park. There are many interesting things for young folks to see. Of very great value is the collection of models of old houses, furniture, and clothing, which show us how people lived in the days of the colonies, long, long ago.

V THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

In one of the busiest parts of the city, the New York Public Library looks out upon the great crowds of people walking up and down Fifth Avenue be-

tween Fortieth and Forty-second Streets. The beautiful marble building was opened for all in November of the year 1911. President Taft and other well-known men were present.

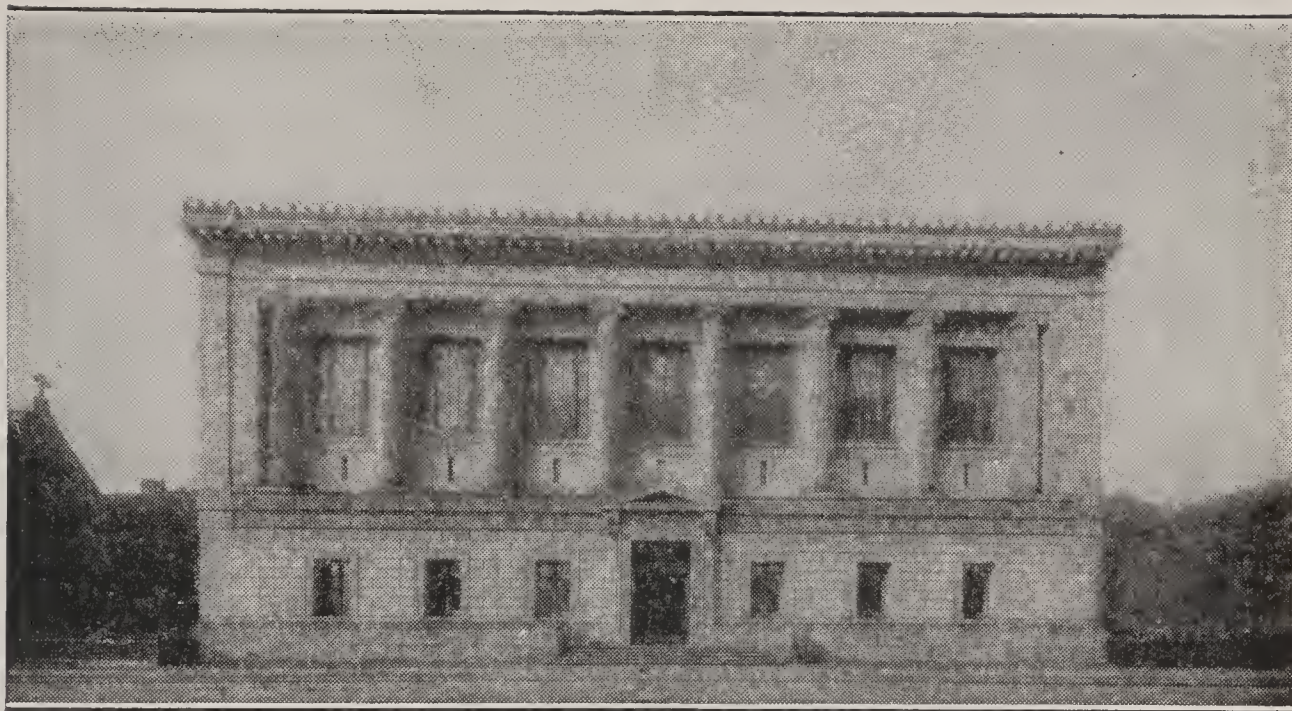
For many years before the library was built, four stone walls stood on the same spot. Within these walls the water supply of New York was once kept. When the city became very large, water works were built many miles away and, later, still greater works in the Catskill Mountains.

In the New York Public Library and its branches are more than two million books. About one million



New York Historical Society

FOUR STONE WALLS ONCE STOOD WHERE THE PUBLIC LIBRARY IS TODAY



THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

of these are in the branch libraries and may be borrowed by the people of the city. The main building on Fifth Avenue has several rooms which everybody should visit. One is the Children's Room which is fitted with tables and chairs as well as books for the free use of boys and girls. Another room is a picture gallery. There are music and newspaper rooms, a library school, and a reading room on the top floor. The library has also a large collection of pictures of New York. Some of these have been printed in this book.

VI THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

On Central Park West, just south of the American Museum of Natural History, is the building of the New York Historical Society. The library of this old society has many books which tell the story of the city from the earliest times.

The New York Room is one of the most interesting rooms to visit. Pictures on the walls and in glass cases show how the people have lived in all the years that have passed. An old coach stands in the center of the room. It was used by a New York family long before the days of the automobile. Most important of the things to be seen in the New York Room is the railing that once stood on the balcony of old Federal Hall in Wall Street. It was there when Washington became first President of the United States in the year 1789.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where is the Museum of the American Indian? When was it opened? What may we see in it?
2. What is the second building's name? Where is it? What may we see in it?
3. Name the third museum. Where is it? What may we see in it?
4. What museum is in Brooklyn? Where is it? What branch has it? What are in these museums?
5. Where is the New York Public Library? Name four important rooms.
6. Where may we find books to tell us the story of the City? Tell about the New York Room.

AROUND MANHATTAN ISLAND BY BOAT

It is a beautiful summer morning. A gentle breeze is blowing as it used to do when the Indians lived on their island of hills which we call Manhattan. Let us go on board a small but strong-looking boat at the Battery. When we reach the upper deck, we shall sit down and wait for the captain to give the signal. Before we start, we notice the Aquarium and the park in which it stands. Not far away is the station of four elevated railroad lines. Below is a



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“AS WE ROUND THE LOWER END OF MANHATTAN ISLAND”

station of the subway that would take us to Brooklyn or upper Manhattan or The Bronx.

“All aboard for the trip around Manhattan Island! Take up the gang-plank! Pull in the ropes!” In a minute or two the little steamer leaves her dock.

As we round the lower end of Manhattan Island, our boat must be very careful, for a number of ferry-boats are passing in and out of their slips, on their way to Brooklyn or Staten Island. We are soon in the East River and in sight of the great Brooklyn Bridge. Before we go under it, we shall see steamships at their piers. From these piers, on both sides of the river, large boats leave for many places. Some sail up the river and into Long Island Sound on their way to cities in New England. Others pass out to sea carrying passengers and all kinds of goods to ports in our own country and in foreign lands.

After we have gone under Brooklyn Bridge, a man with a big horn calls out:

“On your right are several warships in the Navy Yard. On your left are the low houses of the East Side in Manhattan. Thousands of people live in that part of the city and most of them have come from far-off countries to make their homes in America. Every language in the world may be heard on the East Side, but all the children study English, and many of their parents do, also, in evening schools. Some of our best known Americans, such as Jacob A. Riis and Governor Alfred E. Smith, have lived in those small, low houses.”

In a moment or two, the same voice calls out again:

“Very soon, we shall pass under two more bridges which connect Manhattan and Brooklyn. The first is called Manhattan Bridge and the second, Williamsburg Bridge. We shall soon see Welfare Island which used to be known as Blackwell’s Island after the family that once lived there. The city owns the island now and has built two hospitals on it. The long Queensboro Bridge passes over Welfare Island from Manhattan to the Borough of Queens.”

When we have reached the upper end of the narrow island, we are very near the meeting point of the East and Harlem Rivers. Its name is Hell Gate because it has been a dangerous place for boats. The two streams come together here making the water very rough and the current strong. It was much worse before some of the rocks were blasted away. Not far to the north, between The Bronx and Queens, a great railroad bridge has been built over Hell Gate. Trains pass easily from New York to New England by way of this huge steel span.

A few minutes more and our guide again rises to tell us that there are several islands on our right. One is called Ward’s and another, Randall’s. They are owned by the city. A large hospital is on Ward’s Island. The House of Refuge for boys is on Randall’s.

“Near One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street are the Polo Grounds,” remarks the gentleman with the big horn. “Nobody needs to be told what takes place there. Ask any boy, if you really don’t know.”

North of the famous baseball field a driveway extends along the west bank of the Harlem River. It



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ALONG THE HARLEM RIVER

passes under High Bridge and Washington Bridge. High Bridge was erected more than eighty years ago. Across the bridge water was carried in pipes to the city. Washington Bridge is one of the most beautiful in the country. These two bridges connect The Bronx and Manhattan.

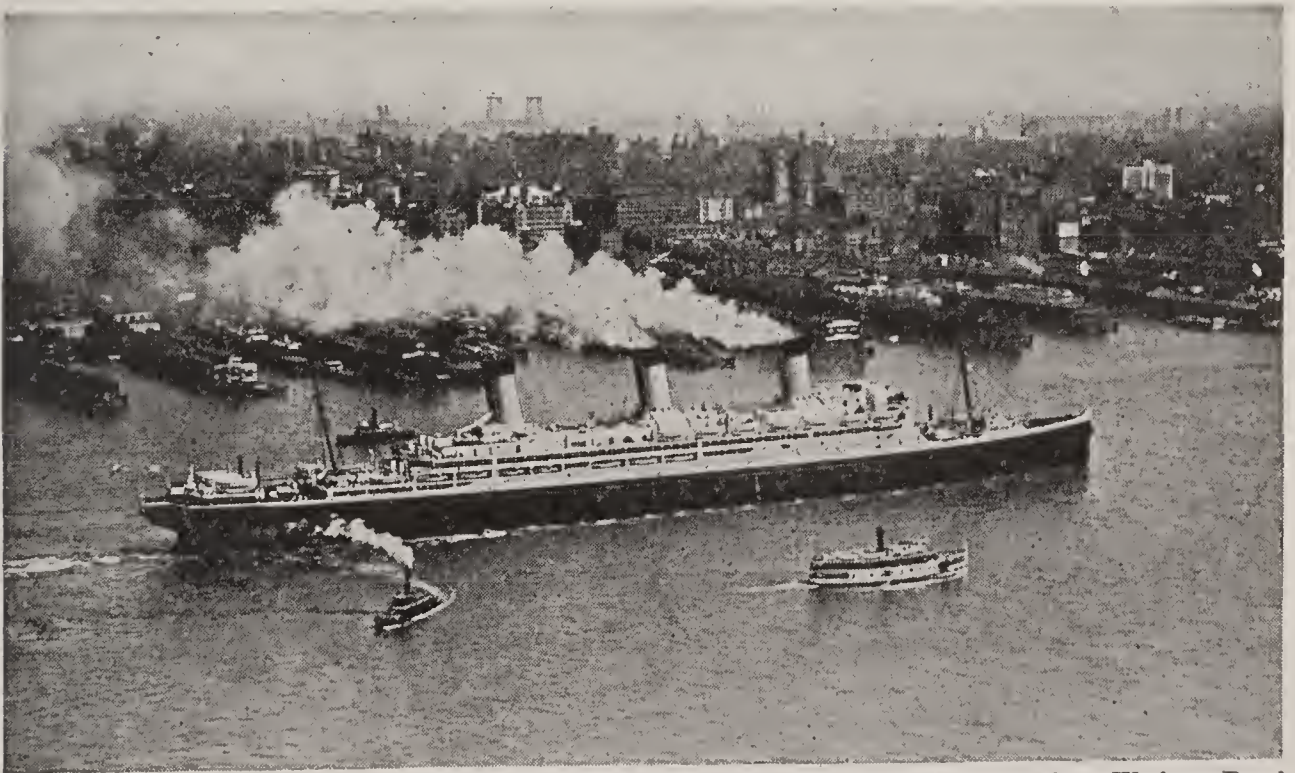
Just beyond, on the left, we may see Fort George, and, on the right, New York University. Around the library building are the stone columns of the Hall of Fame. Bronze tablets have been erected here in honor of some of the famous men and women who have helped make our country great and the world a better place to live in.

In a moment or two the Harlem Ship Canal will take us past the northern end of Manhattan Island

into the Hudson. How tall and thick the woods are in this part of the island! How different from the Battery where our trip began! Across the Hudson are the steep bluffs of the Palisades rising above the New Jersey shore.

As we turn slowly downstream, we shall look for Fort Washington Point. There is a lighthouse near the water's edge. Just above the Point stood Fort Washington in the days of 1776. Let us recall the brave deeds of the soldiers who fought on Washington Heights and at Fort George.

"We are now about two miles north of Grant's Tomb," says the guide. "It stands on Riverside Drive and was erected in honor of the great general who did so much to save our country during the Civil War of 1861 to 1865. Riverside Drive is one of the most beautiful highways in the United States.



© Major Hamilton Maxwell from *Aeromarine Flying Boat*
"ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST STEAMSHIPS LEAVING FOR A VOYAGE
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC"

It extends along the Hudson River from Seventy-second Street to Inwood. Large buses run as far as One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, and automobiles may be seen on it day and night. A great many people walk on its lovely paths every day."

It is not long before the big docks on both sides of the river come in sight. One of the world's largest steamships is leaving her pier for a voyage across the Atlantic. Small but strong tug-boats are helping her. Noisy whistles are telling every other ship that she is coming out into the river. Nearly ten thousand vessels enter and leave the harbor every year.

Ferry-boats are quickly crossing the Hudson at several points. If it were five or six o'clock, they would be taking crowds of people to their trolley-cars or railroad trains in New Jersey. Thousands of workers in New York travel a number of miles from their homes in near-by towns every morning, and back again in the evening.

As we approach lower Manhattan, we see once more the tall buildings on Broadway and other streets. One of them, the Woolworth Building, is the tallest in the world.

Within a few minutes, we are back at our starting point and, when the boat has been made fast, step ashore. We have sailed around a wonderful island and feel that the three hours have been well spent.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where do we start? Into which river do we sail? What do we see on Manhattan? What in Brooklyn?

2. Name the first bridge under which we pass. What boroughs does it connect?

3. Tell about the East Side. Name two men who have lived there.

4. Name three other bridges across the East River. What boroughs do they connect?

5. Name the long, narrow island in the East River. Tell about it.

6. Why is Hell Gate so called? What rivers meet there? Name two islands near-by. What bridge is there?

7. What may be seen as we pass up the Harlem River? Name two bridges that cross the river. What boroughs do they connect?

8. Name the canal that is between the Harlem and Hudson Rivers. What creek is near it? What may be seen across the Hudson?

9. Name two or three interesting places that we see before coming to Grant's Tomb.

10. What ship may we see leaving a dock? What other boats do we see on the river? Of what use are they?

BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN

THE BATTLEFIELD OF BROOKLYN

THE Borough of Brooklyn may well be proud of Prospect Park. It has beautiful trees and flowers. Its lawns and shaded paths are well-kept. But the Park has much to interest us besides lovely scenery for it was a famous battlefield in our struggle for independence.

Brooklyn and Flatbush come together near the southern side of Prospect Park. Let us think that we were alive in August in the year 1776. As boys and girls we would be playing or assisting our parents on the farm. The day is clear and warm for it is midsummer. We hear the cow-bell jingle its familiar tune. We feel a gentle breeze coming from across Gowanus Creek.

Suddenly, there is another sound. It is like the tramp of many feet along the road. We have noticed that Father has looked very worried for several days. He has been speaking in a low voice at breakfast time. Mother and he have been troubled about something.

“It may be a long struggle,” remarks Father on the morning of August 27. “But I shall put my trust in Washington and his brave officers and men. Sullivan, old Israel Putnam, and Lord Stirling are all able men.”

After a moment or two Father adds: “What a



BATTLE PASS TABLET

man this Stirling is! How much it means to America to have him on our side! Although he is a British nobleman, Lord Stirling is in the American army fighting for the colonies. He believes, as all of us do, that they should be free.”

The noon-hour has come. The old clock on the stairs has already struck twelve. Ruth, Harry, and little Jane have run in from their play. They are nearly out of breath. They seem very much alarmed.

We soon learn their story. They have seen the British redcoats marching up the road.

“Uncle Harry has just come back,” whispers young Harry rather loudly. “He says that General Howe landed his army on the shore last Thursday. He thinks it was a little below The Narrows at Gravesend Bay.”

Two hours pass. Then we can plainly hear the low rumble of heavy cannon. The dreaded battle is being fought. Who knows how it will end, or where? New York as well as Brooklyn may be taken before many days have gone by. Several roads lead through the woods and over the hills from New York Bay. Father says that all except one are guarded. It would be better if the Jamaica Pass were well-protected.

“I shouldn’t wonder if they came in greatest numbers along the Jamaica Pass,” says Father.

“Lord Stirling and General Sullivan will be able to take care of the enemy, I am sure,” replies Mother very quietly.

Father is silent, but it is not certain that he agrees with Mother. He has also thought highly of these two officers but he has heard that they will have to fight a much larger army.

Many a poor fellow must lose his life at Battle Pass this August day! Many another must fall wounded! How brave they are we shall know later. How patiently they suffer we shall also learn. Only eight thousand American lads are there to hold back almost twice as many of the British. Hundreds will be killed on both sides. Many of our officers will be



“IN HONOR OF MARYLAND’S FOUR HUNDRED WHO SAVED THE AMERICAN ARMY”

missing. In a few days most of them may be in prison on Manhattan Island. Among the captured officers will be General Sullivan himself.

Next day it is quiet near our farm. We shall soon hear more news of the terrible battle.

“Near Lookout Hill Lord Stirling was in command of the American troops,” says Uncle Harry.

“Against him was Lord Cornwallis. The American commander soon saw that he must retreat or surrender. He knew that his men were willing to fight to the last but he decided to let all who could, escape. He therefore told five companies of Maryland troops to remain. Then he ordered all the other soldiers to hurry away.”

Uncle Harry stops here but begins again in a low voice. “Charge after charge was made by the brave Maryland troops but it was no use. The enemy soon caught our men in a trap. More than our number came up to help the redcoats. Hundreds were captured.”

Uncle Harry stops and looks out of the window for a minute or more. “The noble Stirling was also taken,” he adds. “How sad Washington must have felt as he watched the fight and knew how many brave fellows he must lose.”

“And where is Washington now?” Mother asks.

“On the third night after the battle the General moved his tired and defeated soldiers away. They crossed the East River in the darkness and the fog.”

When you visit Prospect Park, read the story of this battle of long ago. You will find it on the tablets in the old Valley Grove through which the ancient road still passes. Patriotic persons have placed these tablets to mark the famous Battle Pass. Other markers may also be seen.

A short distance farther along the road to the right we may read of two guns. These guns guarded American soldiers on the hill beyond.

In the year 1776 the beautiful lake in Prospect Park was nothing but a swamp. South of the road was a thick wood and near it was a meadow. The wood is now gone but the meadow is still there. It was across this meadow that the soldiers of Washington escaped after the battle of August 27. A bronze plate on a big stone close by marks the place today.

Not far from Battle Pass a high hill overlooking the road may still be seen. It is Lookout Hill. On it a simple monument has been set, bearing these words:

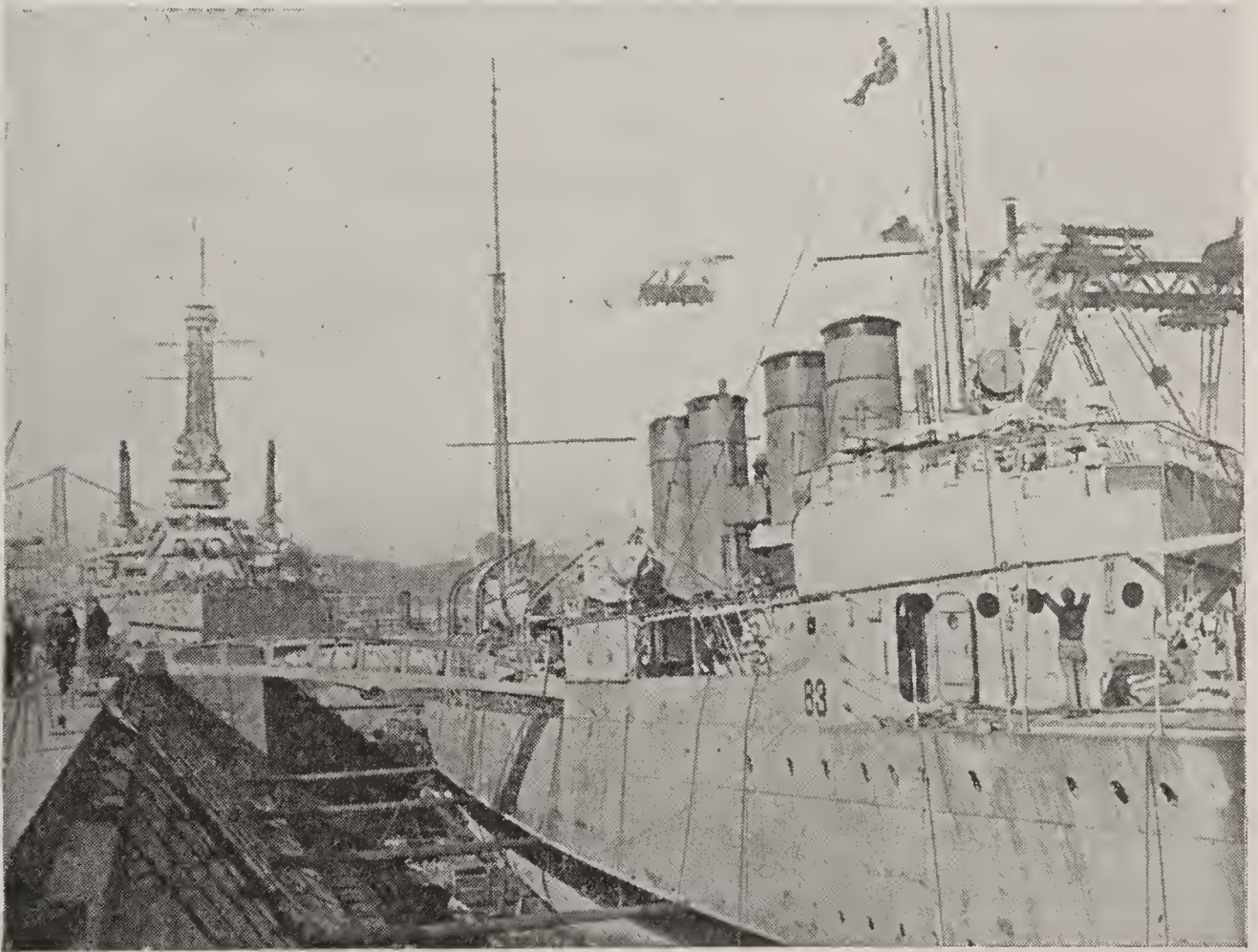
IN HONOR OF
MARYLAND'S FOUR HUNDRED
WHO ON THIS BATTLEFIELD
AUGUST 27, 1776
SAVED THE AMERICAN ARMY

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What battle was fought in what is now known as Prospect Park?
2. Who was in command of the British army?
3. Where did the English troops land?
4. How many Americans were in the Battle of Long Island?
How many British?
5. Who was in command on Lookout Hill?
6. What did he decide to do?
7. Why did the Maryland troops remain?
8. What happened to Lord Stirling?
9. What did George Washington do after the battle?
10. How is the battlefield marked today?

THE NAVY YARD IN BROOKLYN

AFTER the United States became free it seemed necessary to have a good army and a good navy. Our country was young and not very strong. A famous school was built at West Point on the Hudson River for young men who wished to be officers in the American army. In Brooklyn the government planned to build a large navy yard where our warships might be



U. S. Navy Official Photo.

“AMONG THE MOST INTERESTING THINGS IN THE NAVY YARD ARE THE
LARGE DRY-DOCKS”

repaired and new ones built. This was more than a hundred years ago.

The land where the Navy Yard was placed was once the sandy shore of Wallabout Bay. In the waters near it were the British prison-ships of the War of Independence. This part of the borough was first settled by Walloons, who were some of the earliest inhabitants of America.

Anybody may visit the Navy Yard. A young sailor will meet you at the Sands Street entrance and show you all the places of interest. It is a good hour's trip if you wish to see most of the important things.

Near the gate stands a simple stone monument. On it are the names of our brave men who died in China more than fifty years ago. Not far away are two or three big guns which were captured during the War with Spain in the year 1898. If you look at them carefully, you will see the holes made by the shots of American gunners. Across the street are other guns which were in use during the Civil War of 1861-1865.

Among the most interesting things in the Navy Yard are the large dry-docks. One of them is very old and made of wood, but the others are much newer and made of stone. Into these great beds ships are floated. Then, after the water has been let out, they are cleaned and repaired.

During the World War we heard a great deal about boats that go under the sea. They are called submarines. In the Navy Yard may be seen one of the first ever built. It was called *The Intelligent Whale*.

Not much success came to its builders. The boat is made of iron and looks heavy. Inside there is a hand machine by which it was made to move. The big, clumsy, iron boat had one serious fault. When it went beneath the waves of the sea, it stopped and did not come up. It would be out of sight now if it had not been raised by another boat and placed on dry land.

Ships and parts of ships seem to be everywhere. Workmen may be seen at work in the machine-shops. Sailors and officers are also busy or resting after stormy trips at sea. You may go on board one of the warships if you ask your guide to take you. It may be a battleship or a submarine destroyer. There you will learn how much time and money it costs to make and keep Uncle Sam's navy. You will begin to know why our country not long ago asked other nations to agree to stop building warships for at least ten years.

As you walk back to the gate, you will have another thought. It will be this: How courteous our young sailor lads are!

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where is the school for training men to be officers in the United States Army?
2. What is the Navy Yard used for?
3. Where is it?
4. May any one visit the Navy Yard?
5. Name at least three interesting things to be found in the yard?
6. What is a dry-dock?
7. Tell the story of the *Intelligent Whale*.
8. Why does the United States want all nations to stop making their navies larger?

FORT GREENE PARK

IN the year 1861 there was trouble in our country. War had begun and the northern states of our nation were fighting the southern states. One day a large crowd gathered in Brooklyn. The meeting-place was Fort Greene Park. The people were trying to find out what they should do to help their country. Speeches were made and many men and women listened. Brooklyn sent her men to fight to keep the United States one nation. They fought for another reason also: to free the negro slaves.

Five years had passed when a great meeting was again held at Fort Greene Park. It was a fine October morning and all the people of Brooklyn were happy. The war had ended the year before and most of the men who had marched away had come back. The whole country was glad that peace had returned.

From Fulton Ferry the procession moved along through the streets of Brooklyn. On the avenues the crowds stood to see the parade. The Governor of New York State was there. The Mayor of the city was with him. On the same platform, too, was a famous sailor, Admiral Farragut.

The citizens of Brooklyn had been thinking of honoring the soldiers and sailors who had served

their country in the war. On that October morning they were ready to do so. As the men came up to receive their medals, they were loudly cheered. It was a day which everybody remembered.

Fort Greene Park was a good place to hold these meetings. For nearly one hundred years it had been sacred soil. Back in the days of the War of Independence Washington told General Greene to build a number of strong forts. The work was begun at once. On the hills of Brooklyn one after another arose. On the high ground near the river's edge stood Fort Putnam. General Greene named it after the brave commander whom American soldiers loved.

When the War of Independence was over, Fort Putnam was not used for a long time. A wealthy family bought the land and kept it for many years. In the year 1845 the citizens of Brooklyn thought that the hill should be made a public park. This was done but the name was changed. At first the name of Washington was chosen, but later another took its place. It was felt that it was only right that the park should bear the name of the builder of the fort. To this day we know it as Fort Greene Park.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Why did the people of Brooklyn meet in Fort Greene Park in 1861?
2. Why did they meet in 1866?
3. When was the fort built where Fort Greene Park is now? What was it called? Why?
4. When the park was planned, what name was chosen for it?
5. What was this name changed to? Why?

WHERE THE PRISON MARTYRS ARE RESTING

MANY years after Fort Putnam had become Fort Greene a beautiful memorial was planned. Fort Greene Park was selected as the best place that could be found. A flight of steps was built leading to the top of the hill. There the tall stone monument was erected. On one of its sides we may read these words:

THE PRISON MARTYRS' MONUMENT

1776 1783

As we go up the broad steps we notice a door over



THE PRISON MARTYRS' MONUMENT

which the sad story is told very briefly. In the tomb behind the door lie the bodies of the

AMERICAN SEAMEN, SOLDIERS, AND CITIZENS WHO
PERISHED IN THE PRISON-SHIPS

When Americans were captured by the British in battle or on board ship during the War of Independence they were taken to prison. There were two of these prisons on the field which is now called City Hall Park. When the prisoners became ill they were often placed on the hospital ships lying in the harbor. For a long time prison-ships were anchored in the East River.

We receive so much care when we are not well that we cannot know how the men suffered in those far-off days. Many died and were buried on the sandy shore of Wallabout Bay. Years afterward their bodies were removed to the tomb under the monument in Fort Greene Park. There they will be at rest forever. It is only right that we remember those brave Americans who gave their lives that we might live in a free country. We should visit the spot where they lie on the hillside overlooking the East River and the Navy Yard.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What monument was placed in Fort Greene Park?
2. When Americans in British prisons were wounded or became sick, where were they taken?
3. Where were the prison-ships anchored?
4. When the sick American prisoners died, where were they buried?
5. Where are they resting now?

PROSPECT PARK AND THE MEMORIAL ARCH

It was a great day for the people of Brooklyn when, in the year 1871, Prospect Park was opened for their enjoyment. Beautiful trees and lawns, hills and valleys, a large lake and winding paths, have made the park famous for its natural beauty alone, but it is still more glorious for the story it has to tell.

Within the limits of Prospect Park an important battle was fought during the War of Independence. Washington's army was on the hills of the park. Along the dusty roads that are now well-kept paths the American and British soldiers marched. At Battle Pass and near Lookout Hill brave men suffered and died. We may easily see the battlefield today, for patriotic persons have marked the spots where the battle took place. You may read more about it in other parts of this book.

On an October day about thirty years ago, the citizens of Brooklyn held a big meeting on the Plaza of Prospect Park. Over the broad road at the entrance a beautiful stone arch had been erected. It is one of the largest in the world. After two years the workmen had finished their task and the arch was ready.



TO THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION 1861-65

“Boom! Boom! Boom!” forty-four times were heard. Each boom was in honor of one of the states that made up the United States at that time. Six hundred high school boys sang *America*. How well their voices sounded! The Mayor and other speakers told the story of how and why the Arch had been built. In telling the story of the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Arch, they told of the heroes who had fought to help Abraham Lincoln keep all the states together as one nation and free the slaves.

The beautiful arch was erected for all to see and enjoy. Boys and girls, men and women, should always remember the cause for which it stands. Our country had been freed by Washington and his brave men. It had been saved by Abraham Lincoln and General Ulysses S. Grant and their brave men. You

will read a great deal about these American leaders as you go through school.

We should all read the words that have been written over the Memorial Arch:

TO THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION, 1861-65

Then we should recall the heroic struggle when love of country kept us one great, strong nation, and love of justice made all men and women free.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Why is Prospect Park famous?
2. What battle was fought there?
3. Why did the people erect a beautiful stone arch at the entrance to the park?
4. How long did it take to build this arch? Is it very large?
5. What words are over the arch?
6. Why did these men fight their own countrymen?

BOROUGH OF THE BRONX

THE STORY OF THROG'S NECK AND FORT SCHUYLER

OUR story today will take us to the far end of a long neck of land in the Borough of The Bronx. It is called Throg's Neck. North of it is Long Island Sound, and south of it is the East River. Until recently it was not very easily reached, and even now there is a long walk from the cars.

Throg's Neck has a story to tell that would take many pages, but we can give only two or three in this book. Indians once built their fires there, and from its beach their canoes pushed off to the Long Island shore. Dutch, English, and Americans have lived on the narrow neck, and soldiers have landed on it from ships of war and marched inland to battle.

In the year 1776 James Ferris and his family were living on Old Ferry Point which is just south of Throg's Neck. One day in the middle of October they were startled as they sat at their table, for a strange sound was heard. We can almost see every one rushing to the windows that overlooked the water.

"The fleet has arrived," was the thought of all. It was only too true. The British fleet had indeed come up the East River. As far as the eye could see,

the enemy's ships stretched down the river south of the Neck. Ninety flat-boats had brought the red-coats from their victory on Long Island. Several weeks had passed since the battle, and it was expected that General Howe would soon be moving his army. Washington knew that he would, but was not sure where his enemy expected to land. Alarm posts had been placed along the shore for many miles. It was hoped that they would be able to tell what was about to happen.

It was a serious moment for the Ferris family on Old Ferry Point. Across the water to the north they could see Throg's Neck. No one, of course, could



© *Frank Cousins*

THE BRITISH GENERAL HOWE TOOK THE FERRIS HOUSE AS HIS
HEADQUARTERS

say what might take place. All were sure of one thing: the landing of British soldiers had begun. Within a few hours General Howe had taken the Ferris house as his headquarters.

The British army was soon marching along the road leading inland to Westchester Creek. It was near the crossing of Fort Schuyler Road and Westchester Avenue. The Americans had already reached the spot. Before the enemy arrived they had destroyed the bridge over the creek. They had thus forced the British to halt and then change their line of march. General Howe was anxious to place his army across the Bronx River valley. He thought that by doing this he would keep most of the Americans from getting away. In fact, he really expected to capture Washington's army and end the war.

Before daybreak on Friday morning a great body of British soldiers landed on Pell's Point opposite City Island. This is now part of Pelham Bay Park. If they could advance far enough, they felt sure that they could defeat Washington. It is possible that they again thought they might even capture our army. American soldiers had been placed for many miles along the banks of the Bronx River. One part of the British army was still on Manhattan Island. If this second part could cross the Bronx valley, the Americans would then be in the middle between the two divisions of their enemies.

It so happened that there was a brave and able American officer in command not far from where the redcoats left their ships. His name was Colonel John Glover. Most of his soldiers had been fisher-

men before they entered the army. They were expert sailors as well as soldiers. They had rowed the American army safely across the East River after the Battle of Long Island. In December of the same year they would row Washington across the Delaware River and help him win the Battle of Trenton.

Where Glover's Rock now tells the story, the Americans met the British. Although they had to give way in the end, our soldiers held the redcoats for some time. There were only five hundred against several thousand of the enemy. The Americans were forced slowly back along Split Rock Road until they reached the Boston Post Road. Later they crossed the Bronx River and remained on the other side. The British decided to go no farther. Instead,



New York Historical Society

SPLIT ROCK ROAD

they marched to New Rochelle several miles to the north.

Washington had been watching his chance for a long time. Now, it seemed at hand. The fighting at Pell's Point had helped him very much. Within a few days he moved his army in safety and made his headquarters at White Plains just north of the British lines. Colonel Glover and his brave men had really saved the American army.

Nearly a hundred years ago the United States built a very strong fort at the end of Throg's Neck. In honor of Philip Schuyler it was called Fort Schuyler. General Schuyler was one of the best soldiers in the War of Independence. Although the government owns a large piece of land on which the fort stands, no use is made of it today for other forts have taken its place.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where is Throg's Neck?
2. Why had the British fleet come up the East River?
3. What did the British army do?
4. How was the Ferris house used by the British General?
5. What did General Howe expect to do?
6. What did the Americans do to stop the British?
7. What did the British do then?
8. Who was John Glover?
9. What did he succeed in doing?
10. What did the British do?
11. Who was Philip Schuyler?
12. Is Fort Schuyler used today? Why?

VAN CORTLANDT PARK AND MANSION

ABOUT thirty-five years had passed since Frederick Van Cortlandt built his large stone mansion in what is now the Borough of The Bronx. On a happy July day in the year 1783 the house was being swept and cleaned for a famous guest. George Washington was expected to sleep in the Van Cortlandt Mansion that night. The long War of Independence had been fought and won. The great commander was return-



Valentine's Manual.

VAN CORTLANDT MANSION IN EARLY DAYS

ing to New York. Seven years before he had left it, and, with his defeated army, fled across the Hudson through New Jersey. How big a change had taken place! Our country was at peace, and the soldiers were back in their homes once more.

If stone faces have any feeling at all, the old faces above the windows must have felt glad. They had seen many an interesting day in their lifetime. So had the brass knocker on the front door. As we approach the mansion and recall what has happened under its shadow, we are pleased that it has been kept standing for us to enjoy.

Let us enter the mansion. We pass downstairs to the big room with a large open fire-place. Here is the kitchen. Dishes and plates are on the table. Old style chairs and an ancient spinning-wheel are close by. An old gun called a flint-lock hangs from the ceiling. It has not been used in many a year for Indians and wild animals are both gone.

On the main floor are the dining-room and the sitting-room, or parlor. In the room on the right we may see Dutch tiles on the sides of the fire-place. If we look carefully, we shall see that they show a number of scenes from the Bible.

Upstairs is the most famous room of all. There is the bedstead of Washington. It is very much higher than our own bedsteads but it seems comfortable. A tall candle on the table reminds us of the poorly lighted houses of early times.

Before leaving we should go to the top floor to see the play-room of the children who lived in the old house. That was, of course, many, many years

before any of us were born. Every one will wish to spend a little time looking at the simple things that made boys and girls happy in those far-off days.

A broad field is just north of the Van Cortlandt Mansion. It was part of the old Van Cortlandt farm two centuries ago. Tippetts Brook, which we may see today, ran through the land from north to south. On the field many soldiers of the American army camped during the World War. They were waiting to be sent to France. Thirsty horses were grateful for a drink of the water from Tippetts Brook.

In the upper part of the parade ground is the famous burial vault of the Van Cortlandt family. At one time during the War of Independence the city's record papers were removed to this vault for safety.

On the same hill is the spot where Washington's



American Museum of Natural History

“HERE IS THE KITCHEN. DISHES AND PLATES ARE ON THE TABLE”

soldiers built big bonfires in the year 1781. The long war was nearly over. Our French friends under Lafayette and other brave commanders were in the southern part of the country. There the last great battle was expected to be fought, and Washington decided to move from the north. British soldiers were in New York and it was to keep these men from knowing what was really happening that the Americans built their fires on the Van Cortlandt hill. While the fires were blazing, it would be hard to see behind them, and, besides, the British might think that the Americans were not going away.

One more spot must be visited before we go back to the house. Far off in the northeast corner of the park there is a pile of rough stones. Near-by is a flagpole. On one of the stones we may read the brief story. On that spot Chief Nimham and seventeen of his brave red men "gave their lives for liberty." The simple monument is opposite Oneida Street near the sidewalk of Van Cortlandt Park East. We cannot help feeling that the valiant Indians deserve to be remembered.

Let us now return to the mansion and stand on its doorstep for a minute or two. The lovely garden in front shows how well it is cared for. The paths, too, are in excellent condition. As we stand there our memory calls up many pictures of the days gone by. Dutch farmers, and soldiers of England, France, Germany, and America have known the house and the green field on which it still stands. Gaily dressed men and women have attended parties as the guests of the Van Cortlandt family.

Within the shadow of the Van Cortlandt Mansion marched the weary soldiers of 1776. Footsore and tired, with little enough to eat and too little to wear, they moved forward to fight for liberty. Other soldiers, just as brave but better fed and better clothed, recently marched along the same roads. They were the American soldiers of 1918, who were about to fight for the liberty of free people everywhere. No doubt, there were among these men brothers, cousins, or uncles of some of the boys and girls who read this book.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What great General stayed at the Van Cortlandt Mansion in 1783?
2. What is the mansion used for today?
3. Where is the burial vault? What was it used for during the War of Independence?
4. Why did Washington's soldiers build big bonfires on the Van Cortlandt farm in 1781?
5. What is to be found in the northeast corner of the park?

BRONX PARK

BRONX PARK is one of the largest in New York. Other large parks are Central Park in Manhattan, Prospect Park in Brooklyn, Forest Park in Queens, and Van Cortlandt and Pelham Bay Parks in The Bronx.

Fine broad driveways have been built between Bronx Park and its neighbors to the north. Mosholu Parkway connects it with Van Cortlandt, and Bronx and Pelham Parkway connects it with Pelham Bay Park. The Bronx River flows through the park from north to south. Pelham Avenue divides it into two nearly equal sections. In the upper part are the beautiful flowers of the Botanical Gardens. In the lower part are the animals of the Zoological Park.

In the days of the War of Independence an old house stood on the east bank of the Bronx River. The river at that point is now called Bronx Lake. Across the lake there is one of the best collections of animals to be seen anywhere in this country. As we stand at the boat-house, we may look over at the beautiful trees which are among the finest within many miles of the city.

The house that we have mentioned was the home of the De Lancey family. The name still appears in Delancey Street in lower Manhattan. During the war with the mother country the De Lanceys sided with the British. They did not feel that the colonies should separate from England. Some of the members of the family even took up arms against the men who wished to be free.

The lady who lived in the De Lancey house seemed as loyal to the king as any other member of her family, but she did not feel that the patriot-soldiers would do her harm. She lived in the old home during the years of fighting. Soldiers of both armies were not far away.

At certain times the old lady was very anxious about her son who was an officer in the British army. We are told that it was his habit to ride up from the city to see his mother. Of course, he was in danger and really risked his life. In the woods close by the house were his enemies. They would have been glad to capture him as he rode along.

How often De Lancey made the trip to his mother's home, we do not know. More than likely it was not very often. The feet of his horse may be heard no longer, but the old road may still be seen. It is the Boston Post Road that we see passing along the lakeside close to the waterfalls. There it crosses a bridge and soon makes its way out of the park.

We shall read more about the wonderful things in this great playground. It is one of a number in our city. When we visit them, let us remember that

the parks are for *all* the people. We must do nothing that will injure them in any way.

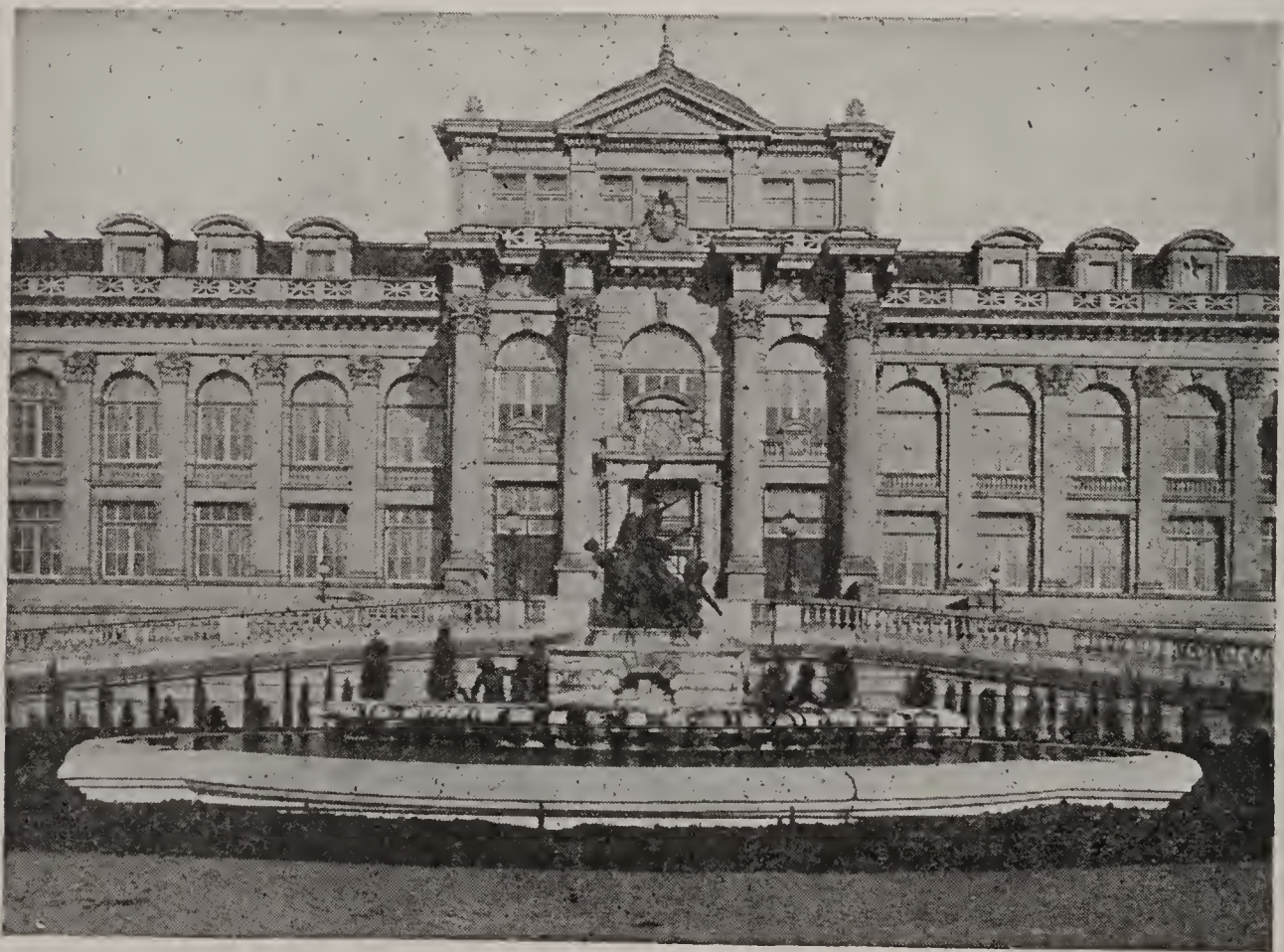
QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Name six large parks in Greater New York. In which borough is each one?
2. What is in the upper part of Bronx Park? In the lower part?
3. Where is the De Lancey house?
4. Who lived in it during the War of Independence?
5. In what army was her son? What did he do?

BRONX PARK MUSEUM AND FLOWER GARDENS

I THE MUSEUM

HAVE you ever stopped to think where the cork of a bottle came from? Do you know that the elastic band which you stretch was once the sap of a tree? How many kinds of rubber can you name? Look at the carpet on your floor at home? What do you think the threads in it once were?



THE BOTANICAL MUSEUM IN BRONX PARK

These are only a few of the many questions which the Botanical Museum will answer for you. The interesting collections are in a large and handsome building that stands in a beautiful section of Bronx Park. On each floor are a number of glass cases. In some of the tall jars are beans; in others are corn, nuts, and foods of various kinds. In one case we may see the barks of trees. In another are many kinds of seeds. Tobacco, oil, pepper, and cocoa are near.

One of the most interesting things to see is the way in which rubber is made. In a tall glass case is a piece of the tree from which the sap is taken. The pan and smoke-covers used in the making of rubber are also to be seen.

If you would rather stop to learn how cocoa is prepared, you may do so. We are very often apt to forget that many of the things that we eat and drink are brought to our tables from a long distance. Cocoa is one of these.

On the upper floor of the Museum are many more interesting things to see and learn. We may not know that it has meant much trouble to bring tea to our city. In the pictures on the walls of the Museum the natives of China are shown at work with their tea plants. Days and days must pass and miles and miles must be traveled before the tea is sold in the stores near our homes.

II THE FLOWER GARDENS

City people do not often know the flowers and trees so well as country folks do. Parks and school

gardens help us very much, but we have too little room for nature in our crowded streets. Even if we had room, we could never see so many kinds of plants and flowers as we should like to see. Not every plant or flower will grow where we live.

In the Botanical Gardens of Bronx Park is a very great variety of plant-life. Inside of the large glass house there are a number of rooms. Each room is heated in the way the plant requires. Everything is arranged according to the needs of nature.

Have you ever stopped to think how coffee looks while it is growing? On your table at home you will see pepper. Where did it come from? In the big glass house of the Botanical Gardens coffee and pepper are growing. Tall palm trees may also be seen; in fact, it would take us a long time to name all of the lovely growing things.

Outside in the big pool are water-lilies. Near them are beds of beautiful flowers. Great care is taken of every one of them. There are no better gardens in America than in Bronx Park. They are free to all people every day in the year.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What is to be found in the Botanical Museum?
2. Name at least three interesting things to see there.
3. What is to be found in the Botanical Gardens?
4. Name three plants growing in the glass house there.
5. Are the gardens free to every one?

THE ANIMALS IN BRONX PARK

IN the southern section of Bronx Park there is a large collection of many kinds of animals. They belong to the city as the flowers in the Gardens of Bronx Park do. They are kept in what is called the Zoological Park and may be seen free on any day except Monday and Thursday. If either of these days is a holiday, it is also a free day when there is no charge to enter the Park.

There are several entrances to the Zoological Park. Let us go in at the Fordham entrance. The



Permission of Zoological Society

MRS. ELEPHANT AND BABY ELLA GO FOR A WALK

first animals we shall see are the gentle deer. Some are thin and tall; others are thick-bodied and short. Some deer are good-looking with their fine, large horns. Others are not so attractive. Here are white deer, red deer, and black deer. Spotted deer and deer without spots run about inside of the iron fences. There are also American deer and foreign deer.

In a minute or two we may see the cages of the eagle family. As we look at the eagle let us remember that it is the bird that our country has selected for decorating some of our coins. One of the great men of the days of Washington was Benjamin Franklin. It was this gentleman who thought that our national bird should be the turkey. The eagle was chosen instead. At Thanksgiving time we seem to like best the bird that Benjamin Franklin suggested.

A little beyond the eagle cages are some of the animal houses. Large and small, wild and tame animals are to be seen. In one of the fine, large houses which we shall visit next lives the lion, "the king of beasts." His shaggy head makes us feel that he knows he is strong and handsome. He enjoys plenty of light and air and room.

We are now close to one of the largest animals living anywhere in the world. As we stop to look at the elephant with his tall, swaying body, we know how strong he is. Let us watch him as he takes his food. It makes no difference whether it is little or much. The long trunk seizes it and never fails to put it just where it should be.

One of the most interesting things in the park is the beaver pond which is not far from the elephant

house. This pond was laid out for the beavers between the hills. It is the right place for these busy creatures. They seem to know this for they are making the most of it. The dam was built by the little animals themselves. It is forty feet long and four feet high. The beavers cut down the trees and peeled off the bark with their big sharp teeth, floated the poles down the stream and then put them in their place. Out of the sides of the pond they dug mud which they carried between their paws as they swam. With this mud they filled up the spaces between the logs.

There are many more animals which everybody should see. Crawling snakes and swimming seals, birds with bright feathers, and turtles with heavy shells on their backs are in this wonderful park.

Before we leave the park let us turn aside and stop a moment to see the famous Rocking Stone. It is one of the oldest things in the whole world. No one can tell how old it is. Long, long ago a great blanket of ice and snow covered what is now Bronx Park. When it melted, this large stone was left where it is today.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What do we find in the Zoological Park?
2. What bird decorates some of our coins?
3. What bird did Benjamin Franklin wish chosen for our national bird?
4. What animal is called the "king of beasts"?
5. How does the elephant eat his food?
6. How did the beavers make their dam?
7. How was the Rocking Stone left in the park?

THE LORILLARD MANSION IN BRONX PARK

MANY years ago a gentleman named Pierre Lorillard owned a large part of what is now Bronx Park. There he built a big stone house which is still known as the Lorillard Mansion. It is in one of the most beautiful places in the whole park. Near it the Bronx River flows along. All about the house are tall old trees of many kinds. Nowhere else is it more lovely.

In planning his home Pierre Lorillard did not forget the amusement of the children. Near his house he set up a hedge in the form of what is called a maze. The hedge wound round and round and was high enough to prevent the children from seeing where they were going, once they were inside. They had to try again and again before they found their way out. After a while when they did find the right path, they could come out quite easily.

The old mansion is on a fine, high hill overlooking the Bronx River. South of it Pierre Lorillard built a mill where he prepared a kind of tobacco goods. In order to get a large supply of water to turn the wheels of his mill, he changed the course of the river. Then he put a dam across it. Over this dam the water

flowed and made the mill wheels go round. Pierre Lorillard had really made a beautiful waterfall.

Close to the big stone mansion a garden was laid out. Many flowers had been brought over from France, the country from which the Lorillard family had come.

On March 26, 1923, the old Lorillard Mansion was nearly burned down by a fire caused by a spark from the chimney falling on the roof. The building was then being used as a museum. Many of the valuable old pictures, relics of Colonial days, and other material which were kept in this building were destroyed.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What did Pierre Lorillard do to amuse his children?
2. How did he use his mill?
3. What power did he use to run the mill? What did he have to do to get this power?
4. For what purpose was the Lorillard Mansion used?
5. What happened to the Lorillard Mansion?

RODMAN DRAKE PARK AT HUNT'S POINT

IF we had been walking along Broadway near Vesey Street on a spring morning more than a hundred years ago, we might have seen two young men who seemed to enjoy each other's company very much. One was in business; the other was studying to be a doctor. Their names were Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake. Both were poets and loved to write about New York.

In the afternoon after the day's work Halleck used to leave the bank where he was employed and meet Drake. They would then stroll over to City Hall Park and sit down to have a chat until it was time to take dinner. On holidays these young men were often on their way to visit friends at Hunt's Point. It was a great distance in those days. There were no subways and, generally, the trip was made by boat. It was a long journey by land or by water.

The mansion that Drake and Halleck liked to visit was the home of the family of Thomas Hunt. It stood for more than a hundred years. Thomas Hunt was one of the earliest settlers in what we now call the Borough of The Bronx. From his house fine views might be had in every direction.

When Hunt's Point Avenue was widened and

made longer a few years ago, it was thought that a little graveyard would have to be destroyed. But a number of people felt that the burial ground should be kept as a sacred spot. Within the Rodman Drake Park we may still see the tombstone of the young doctor who was Halleck's friend. In the year 1820, at the early age of twenty-five, he died.

The Borough of The Bronx may be proud to have this little park as the resting place of one of the city's poets. Joseph Rodman Drake was a lover of his country, of his city, and of the rivers near his home. One of his best known poems is called *The American Flag*. Another poem is called *The Bronx*. A third tells a fairy story of the Hudson River.

When young Drake died, his friend Halleck wrote a short but beautiful poem. Two of its lines were cut into the stone above his grave. Here they are:

None knew him but to love him;
None named him but to praise.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Who was Joseph Rodman Drake? Who was Fitz-Greene Halleck?
2. How did Drake generally go to Hunt's Point? Whom did he visit there?
3. Where was Drake buried?
4. What did Drake love to write about?
5. Name two of Drake's poems.

POE COTTAGE AND PARK IN FORDHAM

“It has been a hard journey for poor Virginia,” Edgar Allan Poe thought to himself as he entered the little house in Fordham in the year 1846. “But the country air and the green fields will do her good, I hope.”

The journey had been both long and tiring. For some time before that spring day Mrs. Poe had not been well. She had lived from time to time in the city, but it was felt that a change to the village of Fordham would make her stronger.

In those days New York was growing very fast, but there were still tall trees and green grass on the greater part of Manhattan Island. What is now The Bronx was farm land and small villages. Upper Manhattan was much the same. It was to the country, therefore, that Edgar Allan Poe removed for the benefit of his wife's health. Fordham was then a little village on the Harlem River in what in our time is the large Borough of The Bronx.

Edgar Allan Poe was one of our American writers. Some day you will read his poems and stories. Although he did not live to be an old man, we shall always remember many of the pieces that he wrote.

Not long before the Poes went to Fordham the

people of New York had built a bridge across the Harlem River. Water was brought over the bridge for use in the city. It was not far from High Bridge that Poe lived, and the narrow road to the hilltop was one that the poet liked to climb very much indeed.

For some months after his removal to the little white cottage, there was anxious waiting to see if the change from the city would help Virginia. In those sad, dark days the poet tried to work at his desk upstairs with only the purring of a friendly cat to give him joy. Downstairs lay the poor sufferer. At first, she had only a bed of straw, but later a kind friend gave her a better one. The greatest comfort in that unhappy time was Mrs. Clemm, Virginia Poe's mother. No person could have been more attentive to the sick woman. Besides Mrs. Clemm there



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EDGAR ALLAN POE'S COTTAGE

was an old lady in the neighborhood, who was also very kind and helpful.

As the weary days passed by, it was clear that death was near. On one cold January morning the little cottage in Fordham was in deep sorrow. Edgar Allan Poe had met with the greatest loss in his life.

Two years more of trouble and sadness were spent in the old frame house before the poet left it. He had already written several of his best poems there. One of these pieces, which it is believed he planned while he lived in Fordham, is called *The Bells*. It makes you feel that you are listening to the music of sweet and lovely bells.

Three years had gone slowly by since the day when Poe first entered the Fordham cottage. Every evening the people had seen the lights in the windows. In the year 1849 they were lit by other hands for one day Edgar Allan Poe moved away. Before the snows of winter had fallen he died.

A few years ago the people of New York thought that the cottage in which Poe had lived should be moved to a park on the east side of the Grand Concourse. There it stands today, and hundreds of visitors go to see it every year. It is open, free to all.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Why did Poe and his wife, Virginia, go to Fordham to live?
2. Was Fordham a part of New York in the time of Poe?
3. What did Edgar Allan Poe do?
4. Why was High Bridge built?
5. Name one of the poems written by Poe?
6. Where does Poe's cottage stand today?

BOROUGH OF QUEENS

THE BOWNE HOUSE IN FLUSHING

It was a sunny morning in the year 1672. The old clocks in the farmhouses were about to strike eleven. It was the first day of the week, and many people were to be seen slowly walking along the dusty paths toward two tall oak trees. These giants had been shading the spot for at least two hundred years. Two hundred years more were to pass before they would be seen no longer.

Under the big branches of the oaks the people stood in the shade waiting patiently and speaking in



THE BOWNE HOUSE

a low tone. They seemed to be very simply dressed but all were happy and content. Nothing but the warm, golden sunshine sparkled on the bright green grass.

“Friend Fox hath journeyed far,” we might have heard a lady say.

“Yes, sister, far indeed,” remarked another.

“Oyster Bay is a pretty mile from here,” a third lady said. “And he hath been traveling a great deal besides.”

Then a few minutes passed quietly.

“It was good of Friend Bowne to offer his house for these meetings,” said an elderly gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat.

“It was good of him, yes, it was; very good, indeed,” was the reply.

“Friend Bowne hath suffered much, too,” remarked a neighbor standing near. Then a moment of silence followed. “Governor Stuyvesant will trouble him no more, we may be sure.”

So the peaceful members of the Society of Friends spoke of their neighbor, John Bowne. He had displeased Governor Stuyvesant who sent him to Holland. The people there did not agree with the Governor. They set John Bowne free and let him return to America.

The Bowne house was just eleven years old in 1672. It stands not far from Broadway in Flushing on what is now called Bowne Avenue. Close by is a tall tree which still shades the old house as it has been doing for many, many years.

The Bowne House, as it is called, was a favorite

meeting place of the Quakers. George Fox was their greatest leader. Some day you will read of how the Quakers made their home on the banks of the Delaware River. They called their city Philadelphia. The word means *brotherly love*. It is now one of the largest cities in our country.

Let us think of these peaceable people as they went to listen to George Fox. Under the oak trees he talked to them. Afterwards, the great speaker wrote of the meeting. Here are some of his words:

“We had a very large meeting, many hundreds of people being there—some coming thirty miles. A glorious and heavenly meeting it was (praised be the Lord God!) and the people were much satisfied.”

On the spot where the oak trees once spread their branches, we may see a large stone today. On a sign-board outside of the old house, we may read these words:

THE BOWNE HOUSE
ERECTED BY JOHN BOWNE
IN 1661
EARLIEST MEETING PLACE
IN FLUSHING
OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Who was George Fox?
2. What did Governor Stuyvesant do to John Bowne? What happened to Bowne when he reached Holland?
3. What was the Bowne House used for in 1672?
4. How was Philadelphia settled? What does the name mean?
5. Who were the Quakers?

NEWTOWN AND THE MOORE AND DE WITT CLINTON HOUSES

FROM earliest times men and women, both Dutch and English, seem to have liked the shores of Long Island and the banks of Newtown Creek. They found that Indians, too, had been fond of the same places. Indian, Dutch, and English names may be seen in the Borough of Queens even to this day.

One of the first settlements was hardly a year old when the red men became angry and destroyed it. Another was started a little later on. Besides this, there were others within a few years. Dutch and English settlers lived side by side from the beginning. Hempstead, Flushing, Maspeth, Newtown, and Jamaica were all settled more than two hundred fifty years ago. Of course, when we say settled, we mean by a very few persons. Only a house here and there could be seen for a long time. A little church stood on the main road near the middle of the town.

The old settlement of Newtown is now called the Second Ward of the Borough of Queens. Within the ancient town were several villages. One of them was called Newtown Village but is now known as Elmhurst. Another village still bears its old name. It is the Indian name, Maspeth.

THE MOORE HOUSE

Among the oldest houses in New York is the Moore House on the Shell Road at Broadway in Elmhurst which, as we have just read, was formerly called Newtown Village. For more than two hundred fifty years the storms of winter have come and gone while the old dwelling has lived on. Only the middle part, however, is so old. The eastern part was built shortly before the War of Independence, but the western part is much younger.

Captain Samuel Moore seems to have been a good builder, for the Moore House is still in excellent condition. Captain Moore was the son of a clergyman, the Reverend John Moore, who was one of the earliest men to settle in what is now the Borough of Queens. During the time of Governor Peter Stuyvesant the family had to give up their house and move to another part of the town. The Dutch Governor said that he needed the place for the new schoolmaster. It was then that the Moore House was built.

THE DE WITT CLINTON HOUSE

Near the point where Maspeth Avenue meets Betts Avenue is the De Witt Clinton House. It is not so old as the Moore House but is in very poor condition. There were once beautiful trees, grass, and flowers near the house, but today it stands alone and is greatly changed.

One of the most famous men of a century ago was De Witt Clinton. His name has been given to a high

school for boys in the Borough of Manhattan. A Hudson River steamboat also bears his name. De Witt Clinton was mayor of our city at one time and later governor of our state. Boys and girls should remember him, for he did a great deal for the public schools. There was a time when the schools needed a good friend and De Witt Clinton was ready and willing to help them.

A beautiful story is told of the mother of Mrs. De Witt Clinton. It is this story which has made the house in Maspeth worth keeping. We hope that it will never be torn down.

We remember that the Bowne House still stands in Flushing which is not far from Newtown. A century ago these little villages on Long Island were quiet farming country. No trolley-cars disturbed their people as they slept at night. No steamboat or factory whistle was ever heard in those days. New York was really a good distance away. Young men used to go to the fields of Long Island for a holiday. It was a pleasant trip on horseback.

One day a stranger was seen in the sleepy old lane near the tall oak trees that stood across the main road from the Bowne House in Flushing. The stranger rode a fine horse and seemed to be enjoying the sunshine of a warm but lovely day. Now it happened that Daniel Bowne's daughter was in the field that formed a part of her father's farm. Thirty well-cared for cows were there also, for it was one of her duties to look after them. Some of the cows were lying down in the shade. Others were standing gazing about, as only cows know how to do.

“Whose place is this?” asked the stranger, as he drew up his horse’s rein.

“It is my father’s,” replied the young lady. “His name is Daniel Bowne.”

John Bowne, who had built the house in which the girl lived, had been one of the first settlers of Flushing.

The young man was in business in New York. He owned a large house in the city and a country house in Newtown. The city house was not far from where Brooklyn Bridge now enters the lower part of Manhattan. Walter Franklin had thought it would be a pleasant ride out to his country home on Long Island. This is how he came to meet young Hannah Bowne in Flushing.

It was the custom of those early days to offer a chair or a refreshing drink to tired travelers. We are not surprised, therefore, that Hannah asked Walter Franklin to stop and have a cup of tea. This he was pleased to do and at once dropped from his tired horse.

Within a few minutes Daniel Bowne and his visitor were enjoying a friendly chat. They talked of the farm and the cows. They talked of the weather and the crops. Hannah, too, soon joined them and served tea. We may be quite sure that a cup of tea never tasted so refreshing as when Hannah Bowne served it. As evening came on, the traveler mounted his horse and said good-bye.

In our time we may see a bronze tablet on one of the pillars of Brooklyn Bridge. Let us learn what it has to say. On that spot once stood the house in

which President Washington lived in the earliest days of our country's life. It was to this house that Walter Franklin brought his bride, the young Quaker girl, Hannah Bowne.

Many years passed by while a little girl was growing up in the Franklin family. One day this little Franklin daughter was to live in the De Witt Clinton House in Newtown. There the famous American with his wife and family lived for a number of years. It was their country home.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What happened to the first settlement at Newtown?
2. Name four towns on Long Island settled during early colonial days.
3. What is Newtown village called today?
4. Where is the Moore House?
5. How did it happen that the Moore House was built?
6. Who was De Witt Clinton?
7. Where was Clinton's country home?
8. Tell the story of how Mrs. Clinton's mother met Walter Franklin.

THE KING MANSION IN JAMAICA

IF we had been living in the year 1790, we might have seen persons whose names are known to everybody today. As we walked along Wall Street, we might have noticed men going to and from the building where the new nation's business was being carried on. Our country had just begun its work under George Washington, the first President. Old Federal Hall was the capitol building of the United States.

Among the men coming out of the Capitol we should have noticed two who were busily talking about some important matter. One was a rather short young man named Alexander Hamilton. He and the President had been good friends for a long time. The other young man was the new senator from New York, Rufus King.

As the two friends reached Broadway, they stopped for a minute. "Good morning, Senator, I hope you enjoy your trip home this fine day," said Secretary Hamilton. "It's good weather for riding into the country."

"Good morning, Mr. Secretary, I wish you could come with me," replied Senator King. Two handsome horses and a coach were waiting for the senator who was soon on his way home.



New York Historical Society

“OLD FEDERAL HALL WAS THE CAPITOL OF THE UNITED STATES”

The distance from Wall Street to Rufus King's house in Jamaica does not seem great today. It can be covered in a few minutes. In the year 1790 it took much longer. Many a jolt was felt by the traveler as his coach moved over the rough, dusty roads.

Senator King's house still stands. It is open now to visitors. It is a large but rather plain white mansion in the old town of Jamaica, Long Island. In its day it was the finest house for miles around. The beautiful grounds were well-kept and tall trees grew near it. A number of new young trees were planted by Rufus King. Today they are big and strong.

We could not have entered the old mansion in the year 1790 unless we had known the family. To-day we may, for it belongs to the public. About twenty-five years ago the house and grounds were bought by the people of Jamaica. On any day between nine and five o'clock we may visit and enjoy one of the oldest houses in New York. The house is a museum now and the grounds are a public park.

The library is one of the most interesting rooms in the Rufus King Mansion. On the walls up to the ceiling are book-shelves filled with books. The oak cases and glass doors are very much the same as they were over a hundred years ago. Senator King loved to study in his big library. Perhaps it was in this room that he first thought that there should be no more slaves in our country. He was one of the men of that early time who believed that all men and women should be free.

Rufus King should be remembered as one of the great men of the first years of our nation's history. He was the friend of Washington, Hamilton, and other famous persons.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Where was the capital of the United States in 1790?
2. Who was the first President?
3. Who was Rufus King?
4. Where did King live? How did King go to his home from New York?
5. To whom does the King Mansion belong now?
6. For what purpose is the mansion used today?
7. What did Rufus King think about slaves?

BOROUGH OF RICHMOND

CAPTAIN BILLOP'S FAMOUS SAIL

It was a spring day in a year long ago. A little vessel in an English harbor was tugging at her ropes. She was awaiting the captain's word to sail. Finally the hour came when Captain Billop gave the signal to his men. It was not many minutes before the *Bentley* was on her way.

Christopher Billop's boat was small but strong. The *Bentley* was not much longer than our street is wide, but she was a well-built ship and safely crossed the broad ocean.

Months had passed away when, tired of the long journey as we may suppose, Captain Billop entered New York Bay. Orders were quickly given to anchor. It was in the waters of Staten Island that the *Bentley* ended her voyage. How glad the sailors must have felt! A new year had come since they left their homes. Now they would have a chance to see a strange land and strange faces.

Only a few years had gone by since the Dutch gave up New Amsterdam, as they called New York, and the English were ruling the little city. With New Amsterdam, Staten Island was also given to the English.

If you look at the map, you will see that Staten Island is really nearer New Jersey than New York. Some said that it was a part of New Jersey, but others said it belonged to New York.

For a long time nobody seemed to be sure who owned Staten Island. The story is told that, at last, the English thought they would settle the question. It was to be simply done. The rule was made that any island in the bay should belong to New York if a boat could sail around it in twenty-four hours.

With most of the islands it was an easy matter. But with Staten Island it was different. The island was so large that very few believed that any one could make the trip in the time set.

Captain Billop and his ship, the *Bentley*, were still at Perth Amboy near the southern shore of Staten Island. Here was the captain's chance to show how fast his boat could sail. Here was also a chance to try to do what so many thought could not be done. So the little vessel was put in order. We may be sure that the crew were eager to start.

When everything was ready, the *Bentley* began her interesting journey. Through the narrow waters of Arthur Kill she sailed between the mainland and the island. Swiftly she glided through the waters into the broad bay. How fast she seemed to move! But, was she moving fast enough? Hours passed and she was still out of sight. Many persons looked anxiously from the shore. One hour more and a new day would end the captain's hopes of making the trip in time. Suddenly, as all eyes eagerly watched, the *Bentley* appeared in the distance. Nearer and nearer

she came until at last she was safe at the starting point.

Captain Billop had sailed around Staten Island within the twenty-four hours set for the trip. Indeed, some believed that it took only twenty-three hours. Others say it was twenty-three and one-half. It makes no difference to us. Staten Island seemed to be more surely a part of New York from that day onward.

As a reward for what he had done, Captain Billop received a large piece of land on the southern shore of Staten Island. There he built a house which we may still see. It stands in Tottenville and overlooks Raritan Bay. Some day we hope the city will buy



© Frank Cousins

THE BILLOP HOUSE

the old house. There are tall trees and grass and plenty of ground about it to make a fine park. The view toward the south is beautiful, and many persons would enjoy it.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Is Staten Island nearer New York or New Jersey?
2. Who claimed the island?
3. How was the matter to be decided?
4. Did the *Bentley* settle the matter?
5. What was Captain Billop's reward?
6. What should the city do for the Billop House?

A FAMOUS MEETING AT THE BILLOP HOUSE

SCENE ONE

Time: Tuesday, September 10, 1776

Place: The Billop House at Tottenville, Staten Island

Persons: Several British soldiers

(Through the window of the big room on the first floor the British warship, "Eagle," is seen. A small boat is near.)

Private Jones (Sweeping the floor): Well, I'm glad the warmest weather is over. American summer heat doesn't agree with me.

Private Williams: I like cool weather and, from what I hear, there will be some fine clear days next month. It's pretty cloudy today but maybe it will be clear when the Americans come.

Private Jones: They are expected to arrive tomorrow morning, I think.

Private Williams (Moving a chair and a table into the room): I hope the Admiral will make them see things his way.

Private Smith (Who has just come in with three

more chairs): There will be four persons. One, two, three, four—that will be enough.

Private Jones (As he throws a carpet of moss and green sprigs onto the floor): The old house looks rather dirty outside, but this room will be clean at any rate.

Private Smith: The table must be in the center, but it looks bare without the good things that the Admiral has ordered. Let me see—good bread, cold ham, tongue, and mutton. Well, Dr. Franklin ought to like that meal.

Private Jones (Who has stopped to listen to the naming of the good things to eat): Who *are* the Americans? I haven't heard, have you?

Private Smith: Yes, I think I know. Dr. Franklin will be one. Mr. Adams will be another. I can't tell the name of the third. He is a very young man they tell me.

Private Williams (Who has been trying to recall the American's name): I think they say his name is Edward Rutledge. He is very young, only about twenty-five years of age, I believe. Dr. Franklin must be seventy.

Corporal Sands (Who has just come in): Well, men, how are things going? We must have the room all ready and as clean as possible before sundown. The meeting will take place tomorrow morning at nine o'clock.

The Three Privates: We'll have it ready, sir!

Corporal Sands: I hope nobody looks at the outside of the house too closely. But we can't paint it now. It will have to do.

SCENE TWO

Time: Wednesday morning, September 11, 1776

Place: The large room on the first floor of the Billop House

Persons: Lord Howe of the British navy, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Edward Rutledge. Several soldiers are present to serve the dinner.

(In the center of the room is a table. A number of chairs have been placed near it. On the table are bread, cold ham, tongue, and mutton. The day is brighter than yesterday.)

Lord Howe (Seated at the table and dressed in the uniform of a British admiral. His face seems to show that he means to be kind): Dr. Franklin and my other American friends, the King is very anxious that we meet today. His Majesty believes that we can find some way to stop the war. We are of one race and nation and we should be able to make peace.

Dr. Franklin (Who feels stiff after the long trip from Philadelphia): We are pleased to hear you say that. Americans love peace, but they love freedom, too, Sir.

Lord Howe (Looking out of the window and then at the Americans): I am indeed glad to talk over these matters and shall try to do everything in my power to be fair, but, of course, His Majesty could never agree to the freedom of this country. Anything else, but not that, might be granted.

John Adams: We have already declared these

thirteen colonies free and independent states. We are now THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Dr. Franklin: Mr. Adams is quite right. We are three Americans and are no longer Colonists.

Lord Howe: I am not permitted to meet with you as Americans. We can do nothing if you are not willing to say that you are still subjects of the King.

Dr. Franklin: If that is so, our meeting has served no useful purpose. We shall have to bid you good day, Sir. As soon as we return to Philadelphia, we shall report to our Congress.

Lord Howe: I am truly sorry. The war will have to go on. More soldiers will be sent to America.

Dr. Franklin: The King may suit himself about that, of course, Sir, but I ask you to remember that we have an army in the field and shall also fight on until victory comes to our people and America is free.

(All rise to leave the Billop House. The path outside leads to the shore. Lord Howe says farewell. The Americans are rowed across to the New Jersey side and there begin their journey home. Lord Howe returns to his ship.)

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. What was the reason for the meeting at the Billop House on September 11, 1776?
2. Who were present?
3. What did Lord Howe say?
4. What was Benjamin Franklin's reply?
5. Why did the meeting end?
6. Did the meeting end the war?

THE STORY OF FORT TOMPKINS AND FORT WADSWORTH

WE remember that before Henry Hudson entered the river which bears his name, he had to pass a long arm of land called Sandy Hook. A little later he saw the hills of a beautiful island. The Dutch named this island Staten Island. As the *Half Moon* sailed northward the water seemed to become much narrower. This is still true, of course. Staten Island and Long Island are closest at The Narrows which is the narrow waterway connecting the Upper and Lower Bays.

In the early days before the white men came to America, the red men had a village on the shore of Staten Island near The Narrows. When the Dutch



“GOVERNOR TOMPKINS THOUGHT THAT NEW FORTS SHOULD BE BUILT ON
THE HEIGHTS OVERLOOKING THE NARROWS”

settled there, a blockhouse or small fort was built for protection. The men were traders and bought furs which the Indians had taken from animals killed in the woods.

After the Dutch had lost New Amsterdam and the name had become New York, the English ruled on Staten Island. A hundred years later the colonies were in trouble with the mother-land. The men of America had begun to feel that they should be permitted to do many things for themselves.

One June day in the year 1776 a great many ships appeared in the Lower Bay. As the people on Staten Island hurried out of their houses, they were surprised to see the white sails coming nearer and nearer. At first no one could tell what might happen.

The ships came closer and closer. Some persons with good eyesight made out the leader of the fleet. It was a warship called the *Greyhound* and had a British general on board. His name was Sir William Howe. Within two weeks a large army had landed on Staten Island. Nearly three hundred boats had brought the soldiers across the ocean.

It was not long afterward that the British began an important piece of work. Soldiers with shovels and hammers and other tools were busily digging and building. What do you think they were doing? Not far from where the Dutch blockhouse once stood, another was soon to stand. In fact, not one but several were to be seen on the shore of Staten Island. Pavilion Hill was also one of the places chosen for a fort.

Let us now turn our eyes to another fleet of ships.

They were British vessels, too. They were not coming up the bay but were sailing out to sea. More than seven years had passed since the landing of General Howe. It was November 25, 1783. The long war was over and America had won her freedom.

As the last British ship passed through The Narrows, there were many people on Staten Island who rejoiced. In the old fort there were American soldiers eager to fire a last shot, but they did not do so although they had not liked the king's soldiers and the king's men had not liked them. Suddenly a shot *was* heard. It came from one of the ships and was the last that a British gun fired in the War of Independence.

Years passed by after the long war. Then, once more, trouble seemed to be at hand. In 1812 our men at sea were in danger. France and England were fighting and sometimes they forgot that we were at peace. Our ships were stopped on the ocean and a number of our sailors were taken prisoners. Finally, it was thought that we must prepare to fight again. This was our second war with England. It did not last so long as the first. Most of the battles were fought on the sea. Never again have we been at war with England.

The governor of our state at that time was Daniel D. Tompkins. Governor Tompkins felt worried over New York and said that strong forts should be built at once. During the first war with England thousands of soldiers had been on the shore of Staten Island. Governor Tompkins wished to prevent any more foreign soldiers from landing in America.

When the old forts were visited, it was found that they were of little use. Nobody had taken care of them. Governor Tompkins thought that new forts should be built on the heights overlooking The Narrows. It was an old place, for this was the spot which the Indians, the Dutch, and the English had used long, long ago.

In a short time, therefore, Fort Tompkins and Fort Richmond were built.

The War of 1812 had begun. The new forts looked out over the bay and made the people feel that they were well protected. In the year 1815 the war ended, and America had won.

Many years later the United States decided to tear the old forts down. In their place new and better forts were erected. Then a new name appeared with Fort Tompkins. It was Fort Wadsworth. During another war, which nearly destroyed our country, General Wadsworth had fought to help Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, and others save the nation. General Wadsworth was killed in that long war and the people named the fort in his honor.

QUESTIONS FOR SILENT READING

1. Why was the fleet of ships coming to New York in 1776?
2. Where did the British army land?
3. Did the British build forts on Staten Island?
4. Tell the story of how the last British gun was fired in the War of Independence.
5. Who was the Governor of New York State in 1812?
6. What did he want done?
7. Where was Fort Tompkins built?
8. Where is Fort Wadsworth? Why is it so called?

HOW FIVE LITTLE GIRLS SAW NEW YORK

SCENE ONE

Time: Any morning

Place: A classroom in a Manhattan school

Persons: Miss Smith, a teacher of a 4A Class, and five pupils: May, Ella, Grace, Anna, Mary.

Miss Smith: Well, children, I am going to ask you to do something which you have never done before. I wonder how many of you could take a trip on Saturday and tell us all about it on Monday.

May: Would we have to go alone, Miss Smith?

Miss Smith: Oh! no! You may ask your father or mother or big brother or sister to go with you.

Ella: How far would it be, Miss Smith?

Miss Smith: Just as far as you care to go, but first think I shall tell you the whole plan. You have been learning about our great city, but you have studied the story only from books in the classroom. It would be a good thing for all of you to see the city itself. As I know that every pupil cannot do this, I am going to ask five pupils who can. I am sure that every one would like to take such a trip.

How many believe their parents would be able to go with them?

(Eight little girls raise their hands. Upon questioning them, the teacher selects five, namely: May, Ella, Grace, Anna, and Mary. Each child receives a piece of paper telling her what to do.)

Miss Smith: Now, I should like each of the five pupils to read what I have written on the paper. What does your paper tell you, May?

May (Rising from her seat and going forward with her piece of paper in her hand): "My teacher, Miss Smith, would like me to ask my mother to go with me to the Borough of Richmond on Saturday. She would like me to take a boat at South Ferry and sail across the bay to Staten Island. There are three or four interesting trips to take. One is along the north shore to the sailors' home called Sailors' Snug Harbor. Alexander Hamilton, Governor Tompkins, and De Witt Clinton were its friends more than a hundred years ago. Another trip is inland to Richmond which is one of the oldest settlements on the island. The ancient stone church was once a British hospital during the War of Independence. A third trip is along the east shore to Forts Wadsworth and Tompkins. A fourth trip would take us as far south as Tottenville."

Miss Smith: That was very well read. It was long, too. Ella will now read her paper.

Ella: "My teacher, Miss Smith, would like my mother

to take me to the Borough of The Bronx on Saturday. She says that we may go by subway or elevated train. There is a bus line on the Grand Concourse. Riverdale may also be visited. It is a pretty part of the borough, on the west side."

Miss Smith: That was well read, Ella. You may now read, Grace.

Grace: "My teacher, Miss Smith, would like me to ask my mother to go with me to the Borough of Brooklyn on Saturday. She says that Fort Hamilton is an interesting place to see. There is also the Institute of Arts and Sciences. This Institute is in a large building near Prospect Park. Beautiful pictures and things of nature may be seen there. A children's museum in Bedford Park is a branch of the Institute. Coney Island is in this borough. Every child knows that it is a great amusement place on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean."

Miss Smith: Well read, Grace! Mary, will you read your paper?

Mary: "My teacher, Miss Smith, wishes me to visit the markets of Manhattan Borough. She would like my mother to go with me. There are many places where people buy food, but there are four or five which are very old and widely known. Here are their names: Fulton Fish Market, Washington Market, West Washington Market, Gansevoort Market, and Jefferson Market. Besides these, there are many street markets.

Miss Smith: How well that was read! The fifth little girl, Anna, will read her paper.

Anna: “My teacher, Miss Smith, would like my mother to take me to the Borough of Queens on Saturday. Thirty-fourth Street, Astoria, and College Point ferries, as well as the Long Island Railroad, the subway, and Queensboro Bridge, are ways of going from Manhattan. Trolley-cars and elevated trains go from Brooklyn. There are a number of interesting places to visit, but, perhaps, Forest Park would please us most if the day is clear.”

Miss Smith: Now, that, too, was good reading. Next week, we shall be ready to hear five stories of the boroughs. How interesting they will be! I hope each little girl will be able to visit one or more of the places mentioned on her paper.

SCENE TWO

Time: Monday morning

Place: A classroom in a Manhattan school

Persons: Miss Smith, a teacher of a 4A Class, and six pupils: Mary, Jane (her sister), Anna, Ella, Grace, May

Miss Smith: Saturday was such a beautiful day that I am sure our five pupils visited the five boroughs and are now ready to let us know about their trips. We shall hear Mary first. I wonder what she saw in Manhattan.

Mary (Coming to the front of the room): My story is so long that I should like my sister Jane to tell part of it, if you don't mind.

Miss Smith: Certainly she may, Mary, and I am glad that your sister Jane is willing to help. Did she go with you?

Mary: Mother took both Jane and me for she thought that it would be more interesting for me. We started on our trip at one o'clock. There are several markets in Manhattan, Mother said, but she didn't believe we could see all of them in one afternoon. We took the downtown Third Avenue elevated train at Forty-second Street and got off at Brooklyn Bridge. Then we walked south to Fulton Street and turned east. At Front Street we saw a big brick building which extended to South Street. Across the street on the very bank of the East River there were a great many men who were weighing fish of all sizes and kinds.

"This is the famous Fulton Fish Market," remarked Mother. "Every kind of sea food is sold here. It is one of the oldest markets in the city. Can you tell where it gets its name?"

"It is on Fulton Street which was named after Robert Fulton who invented the first successful steamboat," said Jane.

"That is right," said Mother.

We then walked away to the west across Fulton Street. Mother thought it would not be too far, so we hurried along. Within a few minutes we had crossed the city to Washington Street. On the corner we saw a sign with two large words in electric lights. They were: WASHINGTON MARKET. This market covers the whole block. It is very clean and brightly lighted, as we soon learned when we

entered it. It is more than a hundred years old, though the present building has not been up half so long. Meat, fish, chickens, butter, eggs, cheese, fruits, and vegetables may be bought. Many people were buying and they made me feel hungry. Mother saw some nice, fresh eggs and thought she would take a dozen home with her.

I think, Miss Smith, that Jane could finish my story now.

Miss Smith: Very well, Jane may do so.

Jane (Coming forward and taking Mary's place):

We had to leave in a little while for we still had two or three markets to visit. A trolley-car took us up to Gansevoort Street. There we saw two more markets: Gansevoort and West Washington. Gansevoort Market is a large open space near where an Indian village once stood, long, long ago. Fort Gansevoort was built there during the War of 1812 and named after General Gansevoort who had been a soldier in Washington's army. Only farmers with vegetables and other things which they have raised, may sell at this market. West Washington Market is indoors just west of Gansevoort. Meat, live chickens, and other kinds of food are sold in ten big brick buildings.

Our last visit was at Jefferson Market, on the corner of Greenwich and Sixth Avenues. It is a large market where people may buy little or much, as they please. It bears the name of Thomas Jefferson who was the third President of the United States.

"I think we must now go home," said Mother,

“for it is getting late. The clock on the tower says ten minutes of five. Many years ago there was a fire-alarm bell in that tower. It was rung when a fire broke out in the city. New York was very much smaller than it is today.”

Mother, Mary, and I then took the trolley-car crosstown through Eighth Street to Third Avenue. In a few minutes we were on the elevated train riding toward home. Our afternoon had passed too quickly.

Miss Smith: Very well done, Mary and Jane. I am sure you enjoyed your trip. Our second story will be Anna's. She will speak about the Borough of Queens.

Anna: Mother and I went to Brooklyn Bridge. There we took the Lexington Avenue elevated train. As we rode along, Mother told me how big a park we were going to visit. Forest Park is a little larger than Prospect Park in Brooklyn but much smaller than Central Park in Manhattan. Bronx Park covers more ground than Forest Park, and Pelham Bay Park is more than three times as large. I really could not tell how large Forest Park is until I saw it and walked about among its trees. I think that is the best way to find out, don't you, Miss Smith?

Miss Smith: Yes, Anna, it is, but, of course, we should also read what other persons have thought about it.

Anna: Some of the trees in Forest Park are very old. It is well to take care of them. As the years go by, a great many more people will like to visit the park. It will be pleasant then to have the fine, tall

trees to give them shade. As one of our poets has written, houses and other things may be made by men but “only God can make a tree.”

Mother says that it is a good thing to have parks in a city like New York. I think so, too. They give us better air, and a place to play and enjoy the birds as well as the grass, flowers, and trees.

Next Saturday, Father is going to take me to Rockaway Beach and Park. They are in the Borough of Queens and on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean. I think that is all, Miss Smith.

Miss Smith: That must have been a delightful way to spend an afternoon out-of-doors. Ella will now let us know about The Bronx. I wonder where she went on Saturday.

Ella: Mother took me to Riverdale. She said that it would be better to go up the Concourse on another day because, on Saturday afternoon, the buses are crowded with people.

At Forty-second Street subway station, we stepped aboard an express train marked: 242'd St. Van Cortlandt P'k. But we didn't go so far as that. We got off at Two Hundred and Thirty-first Street and walked west and then north to Riverdale Avenue. What a pretty road it is! Tall trees shaded us most of the way. At first, we went uphill and looked down on the valley below. Then we walked along for more than a mile. Riverdale is really in the country as well as in the city. North of it is the city of Yonkers. To the east across Broadway is Van Cortlandt Park. Just south is

Fort Independence Park which overlooks Spuyten Duyvil and Manhattan.

We reached home at five-thirty after a very delightful trip.

Miss Smith: Well done, Ella. You have reported very nicely. Riverdale is a beautiful part of The Bronx. Now, Grace, what did you see in Brooklyn?

Grace: I visited Fort Hamilton. At first, Mother thought we ought to see the Institute of Arts and Sciences, but, as it was such a bright, sunny day, Mother said it was a good day to spend out-of-doors. So we went on the subway from Times Square to the Sixty-eighth Street station of the Fourth Avenue line in Brooklyn.

We walked west to the Shore Road and then south toward the fort. How lovely it was! All along we could see the waters of New York Bay and feel the sea air coming up from the Atlantic. We did not go inside of the grounds at Fort Hamilton because we hadn't written for a pass. Father told me in the evening that the fort was built about a hundred years ago. A short distance from the shore is Fort Lafayette which is named after the great Frenchman who helped us in the days of '76.

Miss Smith: You took one of the most beautiful walks in New York. I am sure you must have enjoyed it. Now, May, we shall hear from you.

May: Oh! we had a very delightful afternoon. Mother said she would be glad to take me to Staten Island. I could hardly wait until I had finished my lunch. Then we went to South Ferry at the Battery. Mother bought two tickets and we waited

a few minutes for the boat. When it came, I looked out to see its name. It was the *Richmond*. Mother told me that, if we had lived in Brooklyn, we could have gone by the Sixty-ninth Street Ferry.

As we sailed away from the slip, we could see Governor's Island on our left. More than two hundred years ago the English governors of New York made their homes on this island. On our right, the Statue of Liberty held up her torch. It shows sailors the way at night and has welcomed millions of people to America. It was the gift of France to the United States.

Within twenty-five minutes our boat was fast at the Staten Island dock. Mother said that we could not go very far in one afternoon and see the northern end of the island, too.

First, we walked to our left along Bay Street. Mother wished me to see the old Planters' Hotel at Grant Street. This was the stopping place of gentlemen from the South, many years ago. On Pavilion Hill, not far away, two forts once stood, in the days of '76 and again in the War of 1812.

When we returned to St. George, where the ferry is, we walked on to see Curtis High School at New Brighton. This school was named after the American writer of books, George William Curtis, who lived on Bard Avenue.

As it was getting late, and our trip back would take about an hour, Mother thought we should return, and make a second trip to the Borough of Richmond some other time. On the way home she told me that if we had kept on along the east shore

roads, we should have reached Fort Wadsworth. We might have taken a trolley ride from St. George to Richmond or a ride on the steam trains to Tottenville at the southern end of the island.

Miss Smith: Now we have heard all of the stories. May, yours was a good one to have as the last. Staten Island is a beautiful borough.

Children, I am very much pleased with what you have done. Kindly tell your mothers that I thank them. Some day I hope you will take trips to all the important places in New York. Perhaps our class will be able to visit the points of interest near our school.

A PAGEANT OF NEW YORK—PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

Time: The present day

Place: Any classroom

Persons: Attending Spirit

Five Spirits of the Past

Five Spirits of the Present

Five Spirits of the Future

Attending Spirit: Three hundred years have passed since the founding of The City of New York in the year 1623. We have therefore prepared a little pageant called:

A PAGEANT OF NEW YORK—PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

Each of the five boroughs will have three spirits speak for it: one for the Past, one for the Present, one for the Future. Our Pageant will now begin. The Spirits of the Past will speak first.

SCENE ONE

First Spirit of the Past: I come from Spirit land to bid you remember the days when Indians hunted

on Manhattan Island, the island of hills, and fished in its near-by waters; the days when the flag of Holland first waved over Fort Amsterdam; the days when the English played at their bowls on Bowling Green; the days when the Stars and Stripes felt the breeze at McGown's Pass; the day, in the year 1898, when Manhattan became a borough of the greater city of New York.

Second Spirit of the Past: I come from Spirit land to bid you remember the time when the first settlers lived near Gowanus and the Wallabout; the time when the Dutch made their homes in Brooklyn nearly three hundred years ago; the time when the earliest East River ferry welcomed people from Manhattan to the farm lands of Long Island; the time when Americans died at Battle Pass to make their country free; the time when the old City of Brooklyn became a borough of The City of New York.

Third Spirit of the Past: I come from Spirit land to bid you remember the early years when, in the western part of what is now the Borough of Queens, Dutch farmers settled near Flushing Bay and Newtown Creek; the early years when English men and women settled the eastern part of the borough; the later years when railroad and ferry, bridge and tunnel, joined Long Island more closely to Manhattan and Brooklyn; the year 1898 when the greater city of New York was formed and the Borough of Queens became part of it.

Fourth Spirit of the Past: I come from Spirit land to bid you remember the days when Jonas Bronck

built his house near the river that, in later times, has been called by his name; the days when many English settlements were made in Westchester; the days when battles were fought for liberty; the days when poets and business men first loved the valley of the Bronx and went there to dwell; the days when, twenty-five years ago, the Borough of The Bronx took its place in The City of New York.

Fifth Spirit of the Past: I come from Spirit land to bid you remember the early years of the island of high, sandy banks, as the red men called Staten Island; the year 1524, when the daring Verrazano saw the island, and the year 1609, when the brave Henry Hudson sailed by in the *Half Moon*; the years when the Dutch, the English, and the French settled on the island in little villages near the shore and far inland, too; the year when the island became the Borough of Richmond in The City of New York.

Attending Spirit: We have now heard from the five Spirits of the Past and have briefly learned the story of the city. Our next scene will tell us of New York as it is today. The five Spirits of the Present will speak.

SCENE TWO

(Enter five Spirits of the Present with Attending Spirit.)

Attending Spirit: The second scene of our Pageant will now begin. The five Spirits of the Present will speak for the five boroughs.

First Spirit of the Present: Behold, how large a borough Manhattan is today! It is a world in itself. Besides the many things which we have learned about the island of hills, as the red men called it, let us think of the busy millions who live or travel in Manhattan every day. Let us remember that nearly a million people work in more than thirty-five thousand factories and shops where so many of the things we use are made and sold. Let us remember, too, that people from all the nations of the world have come to Manhattan to live.

For the great army of workers who live outside of Manhattan, there are bridges, tunnels, and ferries. Men and women may go to their homes in Brooklyn, under the East River, on the East River, or over the East River. They may go to Staten Island by ferry, to New Jersey by ferry or tunnel, and to The Bronx by tunnel or bridge.

Second Spirit of the Present: Behold, the great, growing Borough of Brooklyn! It has as many people now as Manhattan has. Its many avenues are busy with every kind of work; Bedford and Flatbush, Atlantic, Bushwick, and Ocean Avenues, Fulton Street, Eastern Parkway, and a number of other streets make the borough a giant spider's web. Like Manhattan, Brooklyn has many workers in shops and factories and stores. Besides, there are several beaches where people may enjoy themselves in the summertime.

Third Spirit of the Present: More and more, Queens is becoming a business as well as a home borough. There are many good farms still to be seen. Trucks

and wagons filled with fresh vegetables travel along the Merrick Road and Jericho Turnpike, Queens Boulevard, Jackson Avenue, and other main highways leading to the markets of Brooklyn and Manhattan.

There are miles and miles of water front in this, the largest borough of the five. Subways and elevated lines are making it easier every year to go to and from the borough. The long, white Rock-away beaches on the ocean shore give pleasure to many persons in the warm days of July and August.

Fourth Spirit of the Present: I speak for the fast-growing Borough of The Bronx. There are more than three times as many people in this borough as there were twenty years ago. Hundreds of automobiles pass through the borough along Broadway, Jerome Avenue, the Boston Post Road, the Concourse, Central Avenue, and other fine highways. Three of the largest parks in the city are in The Bronx, although it has less land than any other borough except Manhattan.

Fifth Spirit of the Present: Last, but not least in some ways, the Borough of Richmond will be heard. I speak for the largest island in the city and the third largest borough. In number of people, it is still the smallest. Many persons travel through Staten Island on their way by automobile to Philadelphia and other places south of New York. Several fine highways are Richmond Turnpike, Bridge Avenue, and Richmond Road which run through the center of the island. Arthur Kills

Road and Amboy Road go to the southern end, while Richmond Terrace passes along the north shore, and Southfield Boulevard runs close to the Lower Bay. Farms are still to be seen almost everywhere. Many people who work in Manhattan and Brooklyn live on Staten Island. In the morning and early evening, the ferries are crowded with these passengers.

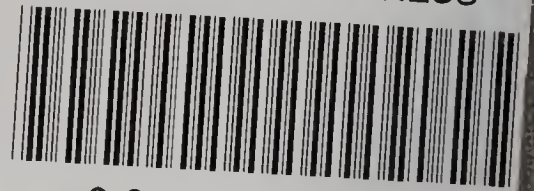
SCENE THREE

(Enter five Spirits of the Future with Attending Spirit.)

Attending Spirit: We have heard from the Spirits of the Past and of the Present. The Spirits of the Future will now tell us of our hopes for the years to come.

Five Spirits of the Future: We shall speak together for, while we come from the five boroughs, our city is not five cities but *one*. The good deeds of each borough and of each person make the whole great city better. All boys and girls, all men and women, should remember this. They should be proud of New York and should help it in every way. In helping their city they are really helping their country and the world, for to New York, millions of people come, day after day, week after week. Let all of us strive to do our best to make THE CITY OF NEW YORK a greater because a better place in which future citizens may work and dwell.

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